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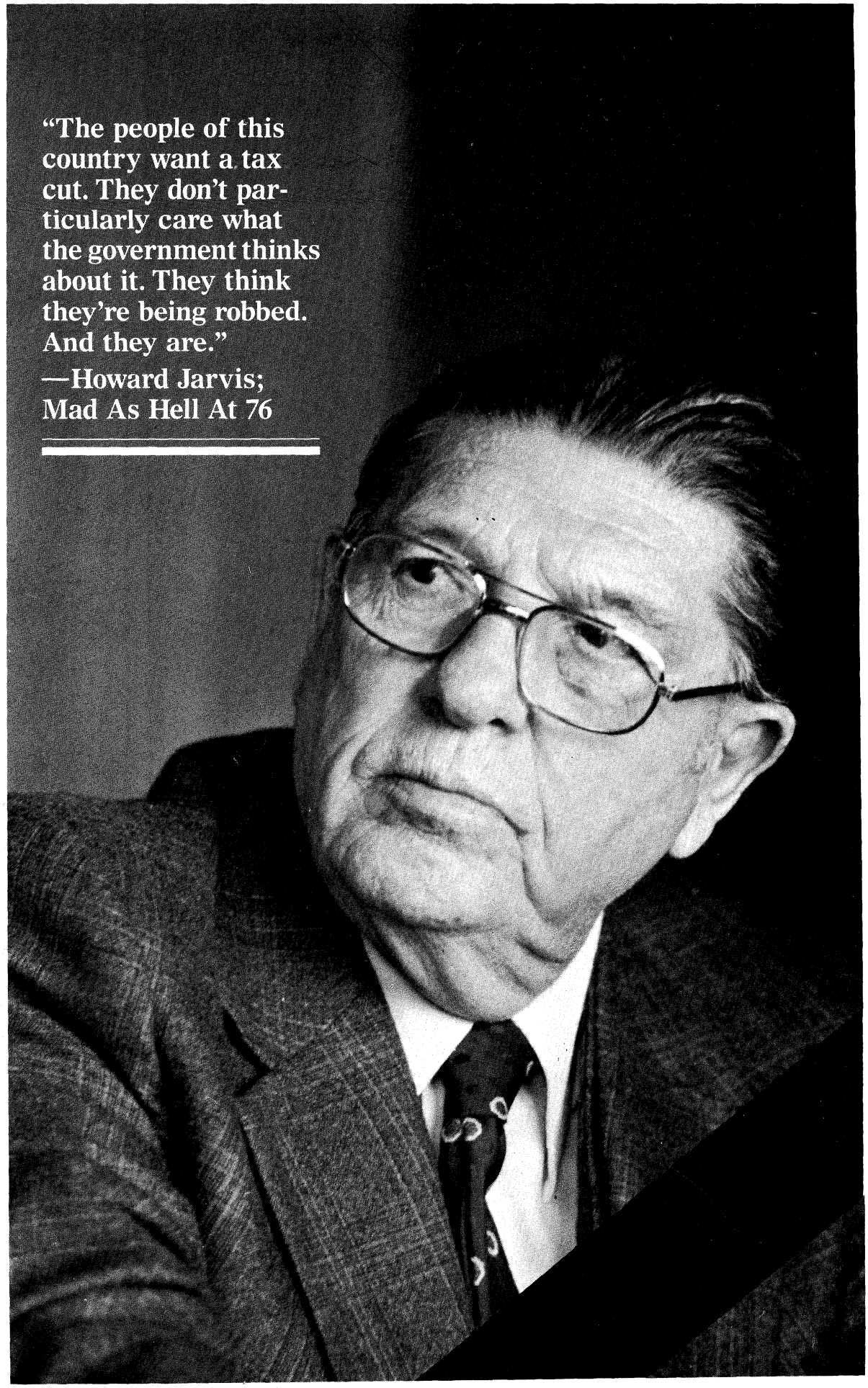

"The people of this country want a tax cut. They don't particularly care what the government thinks about it. They think they're being robbed. And they are."
—Howard Jarvis;
Mad As Hell At 76

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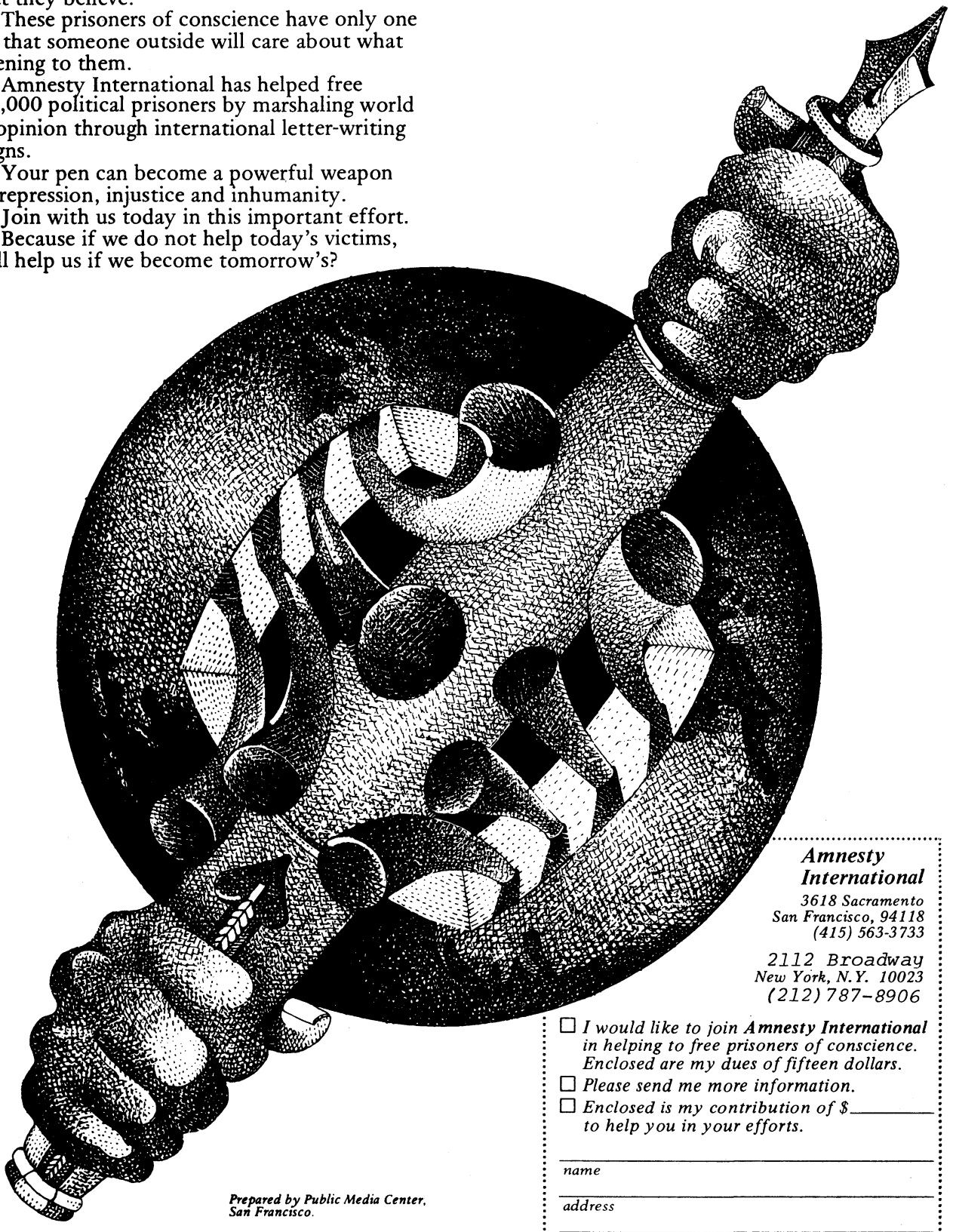

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THE LIBERTARIAN REVIEW

June 1979
Volume 8, No. 5

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THE LIBERTARIAN EDITORIALS

Running on empty

AS THE WEEKS and months go by it is becoming more and more difficult to evade the fact that there is an idiot in the White House, running amok and stomping on the American people, mouthing bromides, cliches and bilge, scapegoating first one group and then another, all in the name of . . . well, nothing in particular. Those who think that this administration is all style and no substance should look again. There *is* substance, almost all of it evil. From its insidious foreign policy, crafted by the vulture Brzezinski (whose fulminations about the "projection of power" should cause the sagacious to begin looking for another habitable planet) to its ruinous energy policy, crafted by an Energy Czar who apparently delights in mutilating the American economy, the programs and policies of this administration are those of a band of pirates, a blight and a curse.

The latest outrage perpetrated by the Carter administration is familar by now to all Americans: they hear about it on their car radios as they sit in line waiting for gasoline. They hear a thin, reedy voice prating about the alleged "greed" of the oil companies, about sacrifice, rationing, shortages and "windfall profits"—always asking for more and more power. The dreary litany is always the same. And so is the scapegoat, from one administration to the next: the oil companies. The American people suspect, even as they are sitting in the gas lines, that the energy crisis is a hoax, a fraud. But they are swallowing the line about the oil companies being behind the whole thing: oil companies making "windfall profits," yet ever-greedy for more. On both counts, they are wrong: there *is* an energy crisis, a very real crisis; and far from being a hoax, it has been carefully crafted over a period of decades—by the government itself, anxious as always to gain control over a key and increasingly important "command post" of the economy, to wit, *energy*.

The public dialogue on these important issues has become so corrupted by false assumptions that it is necessary to challenge them across the board, and this will be done next month in the pages of LR, in a special section devoted to "Energy and American Foreign Policy." Until then, let us get a few facts straightened out.

This scapegoating of the oil companies by the Carter administration is a cheap trick and Americans ought not to fall for it. Oil company profits are not astonishingly high; they are in the middle range of most corporations: return on total assets has been hovering at around 6 percent for the past two years, return on sales at 4.8 percent, and return on stockholders equity at 12.9 percent. Three tricks are being used by Carter & Co. to muddy the issue: they are gasping about the percentage *increase* in profits over last

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year (which often ranges from forty to more than a hundred percent), they are ignoring absolute dollar amounts of profit, and they are comparing only first quarter earnings. All of these are demagogic and confusing. The fact is that the first quarter earnings of the oil companies in 1978 came during a depressed period, and were not representative of the total earnings for the year; the first quarter of 1979, by contrast, reflect an upswing in economic activity. But even if the profits earned by the companies do show a marked increase over 1979, surely the proper response is a hearty "so what?" If we need more oil, then earnings *have* to increase to pay for investments in drilling, refining and marketing. Moreover, if a profit margin is three or four percent one year, and double that the next, that figure is totally meaningless as anything other than a device with which to manipulate the American people. By this reasoning, a company which made *no* profits in 1978, and a measly two percent in 1979, would show a percent increase of profits of *infinity*! Is this anything to write home about?

But when all is said and done, the profits of the oil companies are not important. The actual issue is so important and fundamental that it is naturally not even being discussed today—typical of our shameful intellectual and political environment, which is swimming in false assumptions. The assumption here is quite simply fascist: that the oil companies ought to be a tool of government policy, cowering before the President's threats and caving in to every irrational and arbitrary demand, earning only those profits which he finds acceptable.

Now, just when did fascism come to this country, Mr. Carter? The oil companies do not owe it to anyone to deliver oil and gasoline on terms set down by this government. The people working and investing in them are not slaves to be ordered about by officious bureaucrats. They have *rights*: the right to invest in the production of energy, and to sell the resulting oil, gasoline and natural gas to whomever chooses to buy it, at any freely agreed upon price. Everything else is simply a sideshow put on to distract people's attention from the fact that every day we move farther and farther away from a free economy in this country. The government has become the master in this society, the authority which has gathered unto itself the power and authority of controlling the lives of the American people, a power which daily becomes more and more petty, so that we have now reached the point where the President of the United States is seeking the power to set thermostats and ban pleasure driving. And, as Hayek warned in his classic *The Road to Serfdom*,

> As soon as the state takes upon itself the task of planning the whole economic life, the problem of the due station of the different individuals and groups must indeed inevitably become the central political problem. As the coercive power of the state will alone decide who is to have what, the only power worth having will be a share in the exercise of this directing power. There will be no economic or social questions that would not be political questions in the sense that their solution will depend exclusively on who wields the coercive power, on whose are the views that will prevail on all occasions.

It is *this fact* which was behind the machinations of Watergate and so many other cases of corruption; and Carter is setting the stage for power plays in the future that will make Watergate seem like a utopian dream. Far be it from us to defend the major oil companies, either. The main problem with the major oil companies is not only their craven cowardice in the face of public scapegoating, but their willingness to use government power to their own advantage and profit whenever it suits them, paying no attention to the fact that this simply erodes their legitimacy, year after year. The energy industry in this country is completely dominated by the State, and this is not always something which has been foisted upon the industry against its will, to put it mildly. Oil companies have been willing to use eminent domain laws to secure land—though admittedly the nightmare of regulations sometimes makes any other course of action impossible—and they have, since the early part of this century, been eager to use the State Department as a combination negotiating device and battering ram, to secure access to foreign crude. They have, while muttering about "private property" at home, been willing to see the Mexican people, the Iranian people and the Arabs deprived of *their* land, *their* "private property," to get at oil and natural gas. But this venal corruption is made possible *only* because of government involvement in the energy field. Thus governments everywhere should get the hell out of the energy business, root and branch.

Instead, governments are using the energy crisis to concentrate more power in their own hands at the expense of individuals the world over. Paul Craig Roberts has pointed out how the current situation is being used by the government to grab more money from the American people under the guise of Carter's criminal "windfall profits tax," in a brilliant column in the *Wall Street Journal*:

> The President has succeeded in leading most people to believe that he is giving the oil companies something by decontrolling domestic oil prices. In truth, current law removes price controls completely in 1981 and does not require a new tax as a quid pro quo. But by skillfully playing on the vision of billions of dollars pouring into the pockets of oil barons, the President has created a political constituency for a new oil tax. While Senator Kennedy lays down a smoke screen of sham uproar over "vast new profits" being turned over to big oil, temporary (and soon to expire) price controls are being replaced with a permanent tax.
>
> The permanent tax has a striking feature. It applies to future oil yet to be discovered and brought into production. And it is not a tax on windfall profits or even ordinary profits from new wells, but a tax on the market price of the oil. It works as follows:
>
> A benchmark price for U.S. oil is established in terms of constant dollars at roughly the world price at the time the proposal is enacted. Today that would be about sixteen 1979 dollars. This adjusts the price for inflation, but not for rises in the real or relative price of oil. If the world price of oil rises above the benchmark price, the government takes half of the difference. For example, if the benchmark price is $16 and the price rises to $18, the government taxes $2 at 50 percent, which means tax revenues of $1 per barrel.
>
> The higher the world price of oil rises above the U.S. benchmark, the greater the tax bite. As the tax rises as a percentage of the price, there is an increasing disincentive to find and produce new oil in the U.S. [WSJ 5/10/79]

Roberts notes that if the world price rises to $30 by 1990, as is projected (it should in fact go higher, but that is another story), the tax would be $7 per barrel, a 23 percent tax on oil. If the price rises to $40 a barrel, the tax rises to $12 per barrel, or a 30 percent tax on oil. "Notice," writes Roberts, "that the tax makes the U.S. government a co-beneficiary of OPEC price increases. The higher the price goes above the benchmark, the greater the gov-

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ernment's share."

It is a masterstroke of piracy: in an era when taxpayers are revolting, and voters in state after state are demanding a balanced budget, Carter's proposal would provide for continued seizures of money from the American people through the back door, by scapegoating and punishing the oil companies. Its effects will be disastrous, and will play into the hands of those who want energy fascism, government ownership or control of every aspect of energy from top to bottom, from drilling wells and building pipelines to prices and thermostats. As Roberts points out, "the administration has come up with a plan that will produce tax revenues for the government while it discourages U.S. oil exploration and development and makes us even more dependent on imports."

The taxes, of course, will go to "benefit the people," by which is meant, this time, that a fund will be established to finance long-term research and development of "alternative energy sources"—by the State. In short, the progressive nationalization of the energy industry is to get another boost. Our energy future is to be placed in the hands of a vicious gang of scoundrels of the most disgusting sort. It is a sordid future we face.

Why is there a gasoline shortage, and gasoline lines? The American people are annoyed, and they have the right to an honest explanation. Unfortunately, an honest explanation is not the same as a simple one: an in depth answer would have to begin with government energy and foreign policy since the end of the last century.

At least since the Progressive Era, the American government has assumed the fundamental responsibility for shaping the large contours of the American economy, its institutions and their activities. The U.S. has intervened in the Middle East since the early part of this century to secure cheap access to crude oil. After the British empire collapsed at the end of World War II, the American state tried to pick up the pieces, particularly in the Arab nations and the Persian Gulf. And so the 1950s was a decade of cheap energy.

Afraid of discouraging domestic energy production, and with the oil companies with a big stake in American production screaming for protectionism, in 1959 an oil import quota was imposed, restricting the amount of foreign oil which could be imported from other countries. Naturally enough, this caused a marked drop in the demand for oil from many of the Middle Eastern nations, among others, and in response, the *Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries*—OPEC—was formed in 1960.

The initial price of OPEC oil was quite low, and the OPEC nations began dealing with the U.S. and Western European oil companies as a cartel. There were gradual increases in the price of OPEC oil, encouraged by the U.S. State Department as an adjunct to foreign policy concerns in the region. It was a policy supported by both liberals and conservatives: the conservatives favored price increases because the increased revenue could be spent in part on arms budgets; the liberals favored the new arrangements as they did in the case of the Panama Canal, as a means of institutionalizing transfer payments from Western to underdeveloped countries as a means of financing liberal forced modernization and industrialization schemes through socialized investment. The continued U.S. involvement in the Middle East continued throughout the 1960s, and always entailed a delicate balance between our relations with Arab nations and our commitments to Israel.

During the outbreak of hostilities in 1973 between Israel and the Arab countries, Saudi Arabia's King Faisal warned Americans against U.S. interference in "Palestine"—Israel. Faisal said that if the U.S. rushed to the aid of Israel, the Arab nations would use their oil as a weapon. Heedless of this threat, the U.S. rushed several billion dollars in aid to Israel, angering the Arab nations and leading to the OPEC oil embargo and subsequent cutbacks in production, which lead to massive price increases for Western nations, and substantial revenue gains for the Arabs: the price of oil, which had been about $3 per barrel, jumped rapidly to $12 a barrel and more.

Because of these price rises, in 1974 and 1975, world demand for oil dropped significantly, as nations adjusted to rising prices and decreased production. Yet over the next few years, a chain of events led to an actual increase in worldwide demand for oil. Massive worldwide inflation began to swell, led by the U.S., leading to average price increases of around 15 percent on a worldwide basis. And yet during those years, OPEC raised its oil prices only by an average of 9 percent. Thus, over a five year period, contrary to popular impressions, the relative price of oil in world markets actually *dropped*. An increase in demand was the inevitable result.

When the Iranian revolution hit, as the result of a resurgence of the power of Islamic religion and a quarter century of American foreign policy intervention in Iranian affairs, a cutback in Iranian oil production hit, which meant a shortfall on the world market of nearly five percent as oil production dropped. This caused the world price for oil to fall into disequilibrium, when supply and demand were out of coordination, and since then there have been increases of oil prices by OPEC of between 15 and 30 percent. The spot price of oil has nearly doubled since the first of this year. And yet demand has continued to place the price of oil as still too low to clear world markets in a way that would eliminate shortages and surpluses. And the instabilities which these drastic increases in oil revenues to OPEC countries have produced are also threatening supply still further.

These facts, combined with domestic U.S. price controls, are leading to an American shortage, particularly of low-sulfur, high-grade crude oil of the sort gotten from Iran and Indonesia. That high-grade crude is crucial in refining unleaded gas, for which there has been an *enormous* increase in demand in recent years. The culprits here are again not the oil companies, but two particularly sinister bureaucracies: the Environmental Protection Agency and the Department of Energy. Both have been conducting a series of attacks on the American people which is making things worse.

One cause of the shortage of unleaded gasoline is the Iranian cutback in production. The other is the EPA. In its mindless antipollution policy of the last few years, the EPA has inflicted upon us auto exhaust emission rules which misjudged, as the Wall Street Journal commented, "how rapidly those rules would raise demand for unleaded gasoline . . . It has forced rapid conversion to unleaded and low-lead gasoline without accurately gauging refining."

When refiners take the lead out of gasoline, they must use more of the scarce natural elements in crude oil to give gasoline its necessary anti-knock prop-

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erties. You thus get less gasoline from a barrel of crude when you are making unleaded or low-lead fuel than when you are using lead.

New catalyst-equipped cars that require unleaded have been selling briskly. EPA, as any recent buyer knows, routinely overestimates their [sic] gasoline mileage performance. Unleaded gasoline demand has shot up 70 percent in the last two years and will go up another 22 percent this year . . . [WSJ 5/4/79]

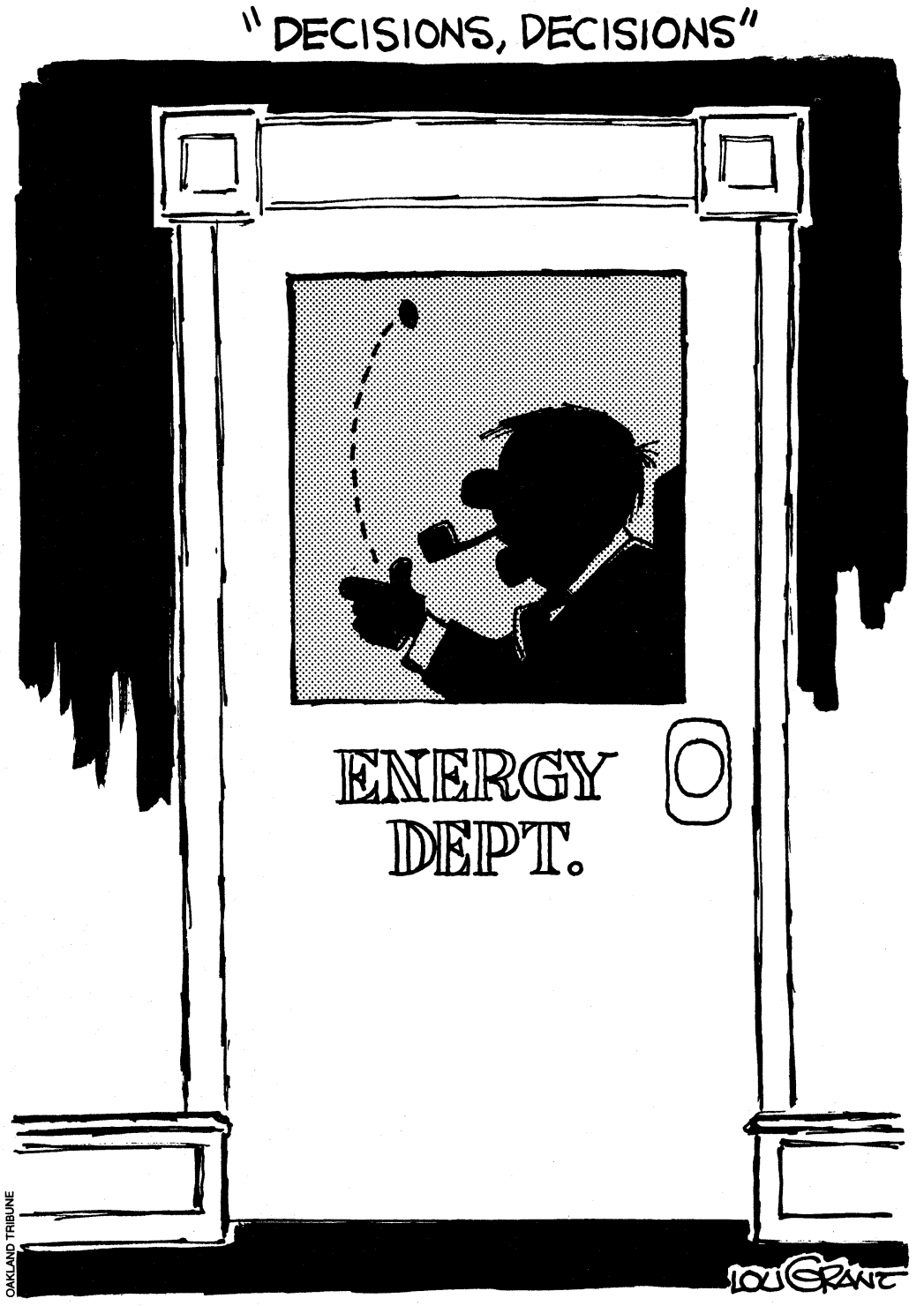
In the meantime, another bureaucracy is busily at work supplementing the EPA: The Department of Energy, under the leadership of Schlesinger. As the *Wall Street Journal* puts it,

While the EPA is forcing unleaded demand upward, DOE has a ceiling clamped on the price, discouraging expansion of capacity. The energy act, with its well-known "small-refiner bias" designed for the benefit of good friends of certain key Congressmen, further discourages construction of the large refineries that are most efficient in separating out the components needed to make unleaded. [WSJ 5/4/79]

But that is not the end of the story: the EPA makes the building of pipelines more and more difficult as well as the building of new refineries, which require enormous investments by the oil companies. At the same time, the DOE, Schlesinger in particular, has forced some industries using natural gas (of which there is a massive amount, contrary to propaganda) to switch instead to heating oil. And now comes the news that Schlesinger and Carter have ordered refiners to build up heating oil stocks for next winter *before* they switch to refining gasoline. Carter disclosed in New Hampshire on April 26 that, according to the *New York Times*, "he had directed the Department of Energy to insure that reserves of home heating oil were built up to 240-million barrels by October to guarantee adequate supplies for next winter." Of course, this is accomplished by having the DOE divert high-grade oil away from the production of unleaded gasoline, which will cause even greater gas lines and shortages in the future.

Nor is Carter unaware of this. Carter's hack apologist Jody Powell—the one who was expelled from the Air Force Academy for cheating—said after Carter's announcement that the President realized his directive to increase these reserves would further draw down gasoline supplies, but, he said, "Given the choice between the two, you have to give people the heating oil they need." Thus Carter is willfully and deliberately increasing the gasoline shortage, while lying to the American people about the root causes of the problem.

And while we are at it, since when is such a decision—more gasoline or more heating oil—supposed to be in the hands of the President of the United States? We used to have a free market economy in this country, where people could choose for themselves what they wanted, and pay the price. When did we step over into such a statist economy that a man like Jimmy Carter should decide for us



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whether we should have more heating oil or more gasoline?

As if that were not enough, Carter declared in his usual sanctimonious way that "I'm prepared to take the political consequences and political criticism of proposing a rationing plan, but I need Congress to be courageous enough to give me the authority to prepare one." According to the *New York Times*, Carter's proposal would have a "limit of three cars for which each household could receive rationed gasoline and allocations of gasoline based partly on records of previous consumption in each state." [NYT 5/8/79] Recreational vehicles, in addition, would get *no* allocation whatever.

Everything about this rationing plan is wrong, stupid and immoral. Rationing coupons would be printed up and distributed—through long lines, of course—and unused coupons could be sold on a "white market" at whatever price the market would bear. This means that anyone could profit from selling rationing coupons *except people whose property the gasoline is*. And basing nationwide allocations on "previous consumption" of various states means that a growing, healthy, vital economy like that of California would be *punished* and held back while decaying, stagnant economies like those in the East would be *rewarded*. This punish-growth philosophy fits in perfectly with the sense of life of the Carter administration, which *looks forward to* people getting nasty with one another and clawing for a place in gas lines. Nothing better symbolizes the utter and complete bankruptcy of the American political system.

It is time for a new alternative. It is time for a sharp, determined, courageous program of *laissez-faire* in the field of energy. We must get the corruption of political control off our backs and out of our lives.

Carter's energy programs and his brain are both running on empty. Let us be brave and cast both into the dustbin of history.

—RAC

Mrs. Thatcher, U.S. foreign policy, and the dollar

THE CONSERVATIVE party's victory by a margin of 43 seats in the May 3 elections in England comes after a major change in the party's image. Abandoning its earlier attempts to compete with Labour as an advocate of the welfare state, the party has been influenced by its leaders, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher and her key advisor, Sir Keith Joseph, toward a free market philosophy with a strong sense of the importance of sound money.

The result was an election in which the Conservatives received 44 percent of the vote; Labour, 37 percent; and the Liberals, 14 percent. This victory was the result of a major shift by middle-class and union-member voters. Opinion polls of union members indicated that two-thirds of them thought that unions had too much power and felt that the closed shop was a threat to individual liberty. In England, the traditional working-class Conservative vote is usually around 25 percent of the total working-class vote, but this year it approached 40 percent, as even unskilled workers suffered the effects of major strikes in key industries and skilled manual workers found themselves in tax brackets which caused them to suffer heavy taxation.

This class shift in voting patterns seemed to reinforce the existing geographical distribution of voting patterns in the country. While over the last 30 years the Conservatives have lost about 40 seats in Northern England, Scotland, and Wales (and in this election, Labour actually increased its parlimentary strength in those areas), they have gained more than 80 seats in Southern England over the same period (until in this election, Southern England voted almost entirely Conservative, giving the Labour Party only nine seats out of 144). In Scotland and Wales, Labour made severe inroads against the recently emerging Nationalist Parties, leaving them with two seats each, a loss of nine seats to the Scottish Nationalists and two to the Welsh.

The Liberal Party lost

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"Margaret Thatcher believes diplomacy is a more effective method of conducting foreign policy than military power, and her government will definitely not accept American leadership in foreign affairs."

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three seats in their western and Welsh strongholds, but otherwise their vote was very strong. If the Conservatives were able to appeal to the 4.3-million voters—mainly middle class—who support the Liberal Party, they would be able to look forward to leadership in England for decades.

But what does this victory mean for the United States?

Jimmy Carter was strongly disappointed by the defeat of the Labour Party, because he knows that the new conservative cabinet will definitely not accept American leadership in foreign policy. In contrast to the Labour Party's acceptance of such American leadership, the Conservatives (whether led by Churchill, Macmillan, Lord Home, Heath, or now Thatcher) believe that they have a much better understanding of foreign policy issues than do Americans. That is why U.S. Democratic presidents have preferred a Labour Party Prime Minster ever since 1945, when the Labour Party won leadership in England and the Cold War began.

Mrs. Thatcher's cabinet believes that diplomacy is a much more effective method of conducting foreign policy than military power, and suspects that Americans, on the contrary, find military power an acceptable substitute for intelligent foreign policy. Therefore the British cabinet will rely much more on diplomacy and the military power of Western Europe than it will on America. Where the Labourites tended to rely on a 'special relationship' with the U.S., English Conservatives, like President De Gaulle, are fearful of what they interpret to be a Soviet-American alliance to dominate world affairs, and will become a partner of West Germany and France in an "independent" European diplomacy, supporting a Europe united against both America and Russia as a counterweight against the dominance of either.

Furthermore, a key emphasis of the Conservatives has been the fight against inflation. They campaigned on a platform of cutting taxes and cutting government spending, paralleling European countries (especially France and West Germany) which have undertaken a major struggle against inflation. As a result of this struggle, the rate of inflation in West Germany is now about 3 percent, compared to over 12 percent in the United States. England's joining this anti-inflation axis of Europe deals a strong blow to the Carter Administration's attempts to pretend that it is against inflation while simultaneously feeding the printing presses. A huge amount of Middle Eastern income, originally invested in England, took flight to America due to the Labour Party's policies; now that money will remain in England, and English investments in America will return to England. This means that America's current runaway inflation is about to be tested in the international arena. Watch out, American dollar.

—LPL

The nine old men and the loony bin

THE CRAZY PEOPLE have given the insanity plea a bad name; it was much neater when it was used by the guy with the high-priced lawyer: Well, Your Honor, my client, this poor wrongly accused banker, was temporarily insane at the time that he embezzled the three million dollars from his institution and ran off to Venezuela with his secretary, the voluptuous Miss Jones. Now the crazy people want to get in on the act, and it's a shame.

I mean, here we have the Supreme Court of the United States ruling unanimously early in May that a person cannot be unwillingly committed to a mental institution without "clear and convincing" evidence that he is both mentally ill and likely to be dangerous. Can you imagine? Now how are you gonna get your eccentric old great-aunt Maud out of the way when she chooses to leave her money to the Red Cross instead of to you? "Clear and convincing" evidence indeed!

But seriously, folks. Looked at one way, the Court's decision is a victory: it imposes a higher standard of proof than is required just now in twenty states, among them the Empire State, where a "preponderance of evidence" has been enough to send somebody off to the funny farm. But on the other hand, the ruling may be looked at more darkly: it rejects the idea that says that there must be evidence "beyond a reasonable doubt," before somebody can be deprived of his freedom and sent off to face the shrinks forever and evermore.

Chief Justice Warren Burger allowed as how there just might be a wee bit of difficulty in applying the ruling wisely.

> The ultimate truth as to how the standards of proof affect decision making may well be unknowable. . . . Nonetheless, even if the particular standard-of-proof catch-words do not always make a great difference in a particular case, adopting a standard of proof is more than an empty semantic exercise. In cases involving individual rights, whether criminal or civil, the standard of proof at a minimum reflects the value society places on individual liberty.

That latter point can certainly be questioned, as, in fact, can the whole ruling. Just exactly how a society values individual liberty by denying someone's individual liberty on the basis of "clear and convincing" evidence that he is both nuts and potentially dangerous, I have some trouble figuring out.

The Court rejected the "beyond a reasonable doubt" standard, we are told by Mr. Justice Burger, because "given the lack of certainty and the fallibility of psychiatric diagnosis, there is a serious question as to whether a state could ever prove beyond a reasonable doubt that an individual is both mentally ill and likely to be dangerous." Since the so-called "due process revolution" of the past twenty years (I quote the *New York Times*) "gave mental patients the right to a precommitment hearing, legal experts in this area have questioned whether any sort of standard, no matter how it is phrased, really means very much."

Precisely; and how many new books by Dr. Thomas Szasz do we have to read—how many does the good doctor have to write—before we can get it through our collective societal head that the very concept "mental illness" is a subjective abstraction and not something easily pinpointed? We are walking here in the dangerous realm of thought crime, which, after all, is the favorite crime of dictatorship—whether Red or Rightwing. Dictators love to define a person's behavior as deviant, his views as dangerous, his mentality as warped, his consciousness as sub-social, his mind as deranged, the better to brand him "sick" and shoo him off to the loony bin. The United States is not a dictatorship, not yet, but in the field of psychiatry it ambles in the dirty paths of tyranny. The Supreme Court ruling last week provides scant comfort to those who love liberty. ❑

—DB

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OPENING SHOTS

BILL BIRMINGHAM

FOR A NUMBER of years certain enlightened jurisdictions (e.g.: Cook County, Illinois) have refused to deny their citizens the vote on the arbitrary and legalistic grounds that they happen to be dead. We are pleased to report that the great state of California has extended the civil liberties of the dead even further; they can now collect Medi-Cal benefits. The state controller's office reports that California hospitals, doctors and nursing homes have been paid for providing medical services to patients who have been dead for over a year. Pockets of anti-dead discrimination and bigotry still remain, to be sure; notably in the state attorney general's office, which is throwing around such words as "fraud" and the like. Clearly we need another constitutional amendment: "Equality of rights under the law shall not be abridged on account of state of animation." That should be popular with Congress.

Congress's own state of animation, you will be happy to know, is lower than ever. The *New York Times*'s Warren Weaver says "this Congress has adopted lethargy as a way of life." In its first three months in office, for example, the 96th Congress has sent just eight bills for President Carter's signature; the lowest figure for any Congress since FDR's second term. The Congresscritters are also introducing fewer bills; just 3357 in the House and 840 in the Senate (down from 5748 and 1176 two years ago.) And for lagniappe, they have filled up only 6600 pages of the Congressional Record, whereas the 95th Congress filled 9000 pages in its first three months in office. "This is the most boring session I've seen in my years on the Hill," laments one Senate aide who surely deserves the famous Mandarin curse: "May you live in interesting times."

Voters in Santa Monica, California, passed a tough new rent control law in April, at the urging of such as Mr. Cary Lowe of the California Public Policy Center. "Just about everybody in society has laws to protect them except tenants," claimed Lowe, in explaining why he supported rent control. "The relationship between the landlord and the tenant is probably the most primitive economic relationship left in this society, a carryover from the time when the landlord was really the lord of the land." We'd always wondered why our landlady insisted on the *droit de seigneur*.

The Shah of Iran is unhappy. Part of that, obviously, is no more than the withdrawal symptoms of the power junkie deprived of his blood-fix. But recently the King of Kings declared himself "shocked and horrified" by the executions of some of his former stooges, whom he called "Iranians whose only crime was love of country and will to serve its people." It hardly seems necessary to point out that those altruistic public servants for whom the Shah weeps "served" the Iranian people by robbing them, torturing them, and slaughtering them without mercy whenever they dared to complain. Or is it? For the American media, too, are puling and moaning over these scum, as are, incredibly, even some self-styled "libertarians". (Such as the one who wrote the letter printed in this issue, carrying on about "the dead Iranian generals"—who headed the Iranian secret police!) Evidently the notion that robbery, torture and murder can be justified "for reasons of state" lingers on; at least to the extent that punishing the Shah's hired thugs as they deserve is somehow considered to be cruel and unusual. It is indeed all too unusual for any of "the band of robbers and murderers who call themselves the government" (as Lysander Spooner described them) to be brought to book, but that is scarcely an objection; the only thing to object to about the executions of the Shah's underlings is that the Shah himself continues to evade justice. But . . . there's always tomorrow.

TAB Report, the trade journal of the pornography industry, estimates that there are 1.3-million full or part time prostitutes in the United States, or more than 1 percent of all American women. "If anything, we're on the conservative side," says publisher Dennis Sobin. That may well be true; one-third of the women arrested in San Francisco were arrested on prostitution charges, as are one-half the women jailed in New York.

Move over, Ronald Reagan! Richard Nixon may be the GOP's next matinee idol if he accepts a role in a movie about an American president kidnaped from a Chinese toilet. "The president," says the film's scriptwriter, "is noticing that there are graffiti in Chinese bathrooms, just like in the United States, when the stall turns around and he is replaced by his genetically engineered double." The producers claim they were encouraged to send Tricky the script by, believe it or not, "a friend of the Nixon family."

Just about every account of the Three Mile Island *contretemps* remarked on the infamous hydrogen

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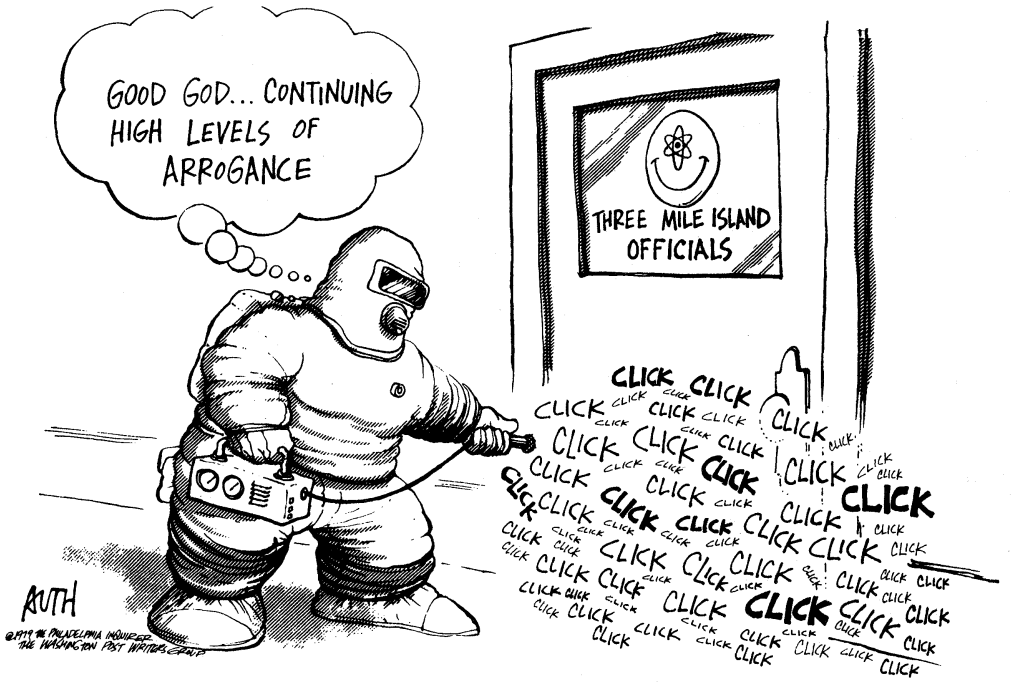

bubble that formed in the reactor (and the earlier hydrogen explosion) and marvelled greatly that no one had foreseen such a thing. Well they might, for the files of the Nuclear Regulatory Agency reveal that in December 1977 there were *two* similar hydrogen explosions at the Millstone 1 reactor near Waterford, Connecticut, which injured one of the workers and exposed him to "excessive radioactivity", in the words of the Associated Press. (Transcripts of NRC meetings after the Three Mile Island accident show that as of April 1 the commission's experts believed—erroneously as it turned out—that the Three Mile Island hydrogen bubble had enough oxygen in it to make a flammable or even explosive mixture; this on the very day that Jimmy Carter toured the Three Mile Island plant. Alexander Cockburn of the *Village Voice* (April 9, 1979) was surprised that the White House would risk such a headline as "PRESIDENT CONTAMINATED," "even though the sight of [Carter] arguing the SALT case with hair and teeth dropping out from radio-active poisoning would conceivably have helped the cause of detente, and world peace in general.") The NRC filed the Millstone explosion away as a "reportable occurrence", the Commission's name for an incident that violates NRC regulations or poses a threat to public safety. According to the NRC, there were 2835 such "occurences" in 1978.

If Howard Jarvis isn't a radical enough tax-slasher for you, here's a chance to flock to the banner of that tight-fisted guardian of the public purse, Teddy Kennedy. He has found "the fastest growing aspect of the federal budget today"; "the tax expenditure—tax breaks and tax loopholes," which almost all the foes of government spending completely overlook. It is truly mindboggling: "On the one hand," Dread Ted told a *Los Angeles Times* interviewer on April 19, in 1976 "you had people across the country outraged by their taxes and on the other hand, we were only able to get nine votes to eliminate [the tax deductibility] of the three martini lunches." Yes, this is ground untilled by Jarvis, Gann or even Jerry Brown . . . will you not enlist in Senator Kennedy's gallant crusade to cut taxes by cutting tax cuts? . . . Careful, don't get trampled in the rush.

Is Mrs. Patricia Roberts Harris, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, worth shooting? The Secret Service evidently thought so, and recommended that HUD buy some nine foot high, half-inch thick glass security doors. HUD bought four at a cost of $58,000; and now the General Services Administration, which installed the doors, says they are useless because HUD leaves them open and unguarded. They probably didn't even have the consideration to open them inward so the taxpayers could see the gold lettering. The plebeian, $136 white lettering that the GSA has placed on the doors "didn't go with the image of a Cabinet secretary," said one official, so HUD arranged for gold leaf lettering at a cost of over $1000.

Notes from the anti-discrimination front: The US Commission on Civil Rights is agonizing once more over the lowly status of women and minorities on television. "The new report," says *Fortune,* "solemnly worries, for example, about the virtual absence of Alaskan natives in contemporary TV drama." It also appears that most TV cops are male, and "the homemaker role is frequent for female characters but not for male characters." The Commission wants the FCC to lean on the networks and make them correct this monstrous state of affairs . . . The Department of Health, Education and Welfare, for its part, is busy dealing with a complaint that the Jewish Home for the Aged in Reseda, California, discriminates against the *goyim.* According to the *Los Angeles Times* (March 1, 1979), the complaint was brought by the California Hospital Monitoring Association, "an organization of 300 persons seeking enforcement of state and federal regulatory laws as a way to control rising health-care costs" (rather like encouraging rape to promote chastity). "Asked why anyone from a different culture would want to live in a kosher, Orthodox Jewish nursing home where Yiddish is spoken, the Hospital Association's [Kent] Corey said: 'That's not the point. The point is that the home received public monies and they are supposed to aid the community as a whole and the community in Reseda is predominantly Protestant.'" . . . Many black people, for obvious reasons, cannot abide "Sambo's" restaurants. Massachussetts Attorney General Francis X. Bellotti has gone to court to bar the name; claiming that since some blacks will not patronize a restaurant named Sambo's, the use of the name violates the state's public-accommodations law. Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz, who considers the public-accommodations argument "laughable," invites us to consider what its implications would be "for other establishments such as Dairy Queen." ❑

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hysterical nonsense?

SOME OF THE ARTICLES in *The Libertarian Review* are reasonable, literate pieces with a free market viewpoint. Others, however, are of dubious scholarship and consist primarily of nonsensical, even hysterical, assaults on any aspect of American (or, more precisely, any nation's) foreign policy which tilts toward anti-communism.

Frankly, your view that the United States is the culprit in the Cold War is silly, even idiotic. Oddly enough, your publication, in the name of libertarianism, resurrects the discredited, Marxian notion that capitalist nations exploit other nations for the sake of their raw materials. Come now, don't insult your free market readers with collectivist mythology.

You rejoice at the overthrow of the Shah. Look, granted, he wasn't a libertarian; as an advocate of liberty, I could hardly support certain of the Shah's policies. But, also as an advocate of liberty, I am far more disturbed by the loss of Iran; I know that Iran will move farther away from, not closer to, a free society. The international implications for the United States are ominous; as a libertarian fortunate enough to live here, I am concerned (yes, my self-interest is threatened!).

Your magazine's commentary on the Mideast is not only factually inaccurate and historically wrong; but, as someone of the Jewish faith, I find the tone grossly offensive. What qualifies Rothbard as a Mideast expert? His Orwellian rewrite of recent Mideast events is absurd; his depiction of Yassir Arafat as a moderate is a cruel affront to the victims of this demagogic terrorist; his favorable review of the PLO is morally repugnant. Do you really believe that Carter's purpose at Camp David was, as you report, to assure "Zionist funding for his reelection campaign"? Your Jewish conspiracy rhetoric is reminiscent of, and hardly distinguishable from, the racist ravings of the late Gerald L. K. Smith.

The Libertarian Review is a hoax. I don't need a left-wing journal masquerading as libertarian. We don't simply have a difference of opinion. Your magazine is an embarrassment in my home. Please cancel my subscription at once.

ARNOLD STEINBERG
Los Angeles, California

Roy A. Childs, Jr. replies:

Arnold Steinberg's letter is a nearly perfect example of what is wrong with the conservatives' thinking about foreign policy issues, and of what is wrong with their blind, unreasoning rejection of a libertarian foreign policy of non-interventionism. I should begin by pointing out the common denominator of these assaults on noninterventionism: that the conservatives pushing them do not even take the time to *read* accurately.

The foreign policy position advocated by *The Libertarian Review* is that of noninterventionism, and LR has accordingly been constantly critical of *interventionist* foreign policies, not of "any nation's" foreign policy "which tilts toward anticommunism." Since part of our case against intervention is that it actually furthers communist victories—a charge recently echoed by William Shawcross in his new book *Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia*—the charge that we support a procommunist foreign policy is an ignorant and malicious lie typical of conservatives.

Neither is it the case that *LR* believes the U.S. to be "the culprit" in the Cold War; my view is more complex, which perhaps is why Mr. Steinberg finds it beyond his grasp. My view, shared by Murray Rothbard and a number of other *LR* contributors, is that U.S. foreign policy is one of the main causes of the Cold War, dating back to the Bolshevik revolution. It is again typical that no conservative ever bothers to apply the same standards to U.S. behavior as are applied to Soviet behavior. At the close of the relatively bloodless Bolshevik revolution, the Soviet Union was invaded by a number of the Allied nations, including the U.S., an intervention which lead to the deaths of as many as seven million people. Invaded again by Nazi Germany in World War II, the Soviets lost another twenty million to the war. In the face of these casualties—not to mention the additional millions lost during the first World War (one of the causes of the Bolsheviks' rise to power)—it is easy to see that Soviet foreign policy since the second World War has been profoundly conservative and defensive. The Soviets took Eastern Europe by force in beating back Hitler, and have continued their conservative imperialism over that territory ever since. But their foreign policy in most other places has been cautious and restrained. The U.S. was far more involved in Castro's revolution than the Soviet Union, for example. Western nations were far more active than the Soviets in resurrecting Ho Chi-Minh during World War II to help the Vietnamese fight the Japanese in Asia. In Africa, the U.S. has intervened since the early '60s and before; in the Middle East, the U.S. has been involved along with the British and other European powers for many decades; in both these areas, Soviet intervention has been minimal. If the standards which conservatives use to judge the Soviets as being "expansionist" were applied evenhandedly to the U.S., no one could draw any conclusion other than that the U.S. and not the Soviet Union is out

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to "conquer the world." While the charge in either case is absurd, it is patently false that the Soviets have been anywhere nearly as aggressive or irresponsible in foreign policy as the U.S. has been. And remember that it is the U.S. which has lately been cultivating an alliance with Communist China against the Soviet Union, even to the extent of helping China to "modernize" its army and other technologies. Who is doing what to whom?

As for the charge that we "insult our free market readers with collectivist mythology," by allegedly claiming that "capitalist nations exploit other nations for the sake of their raw materials," the charge is, again, simply a lie, one which further exposes Mr. Steinberg's apparent inability to read a sentence. Our position has explicitly been that the U.S. does *not* need to intervene in other countries to secure access to oil or other raw materials, but rather ought to rely on the price system in a free market, decontrolling the economy in the process. We have said that policy-makers believe that the U.S. must intervene to secure stable access to raw materials, which is obviously true—all you have to do is read *Business Week* or the various foreign policy journals to hear this view being advocated all the time. Most recently it has been trotted forth by the likes of the Sinister Energy Czar, James Warmonger Schlesinger. The view that this is a "capitalist" nation is again typical of conservative blindness and ignorance, a mythology with which conservatives soothe themselves on lazy evenings so that they never need to confront the need for radical opposition to—and not conservative reform of—this system of State capitalism or Corporate statism.

Yes, yes, we do rejoice in the overthrow of the Shah! And of brutal despots *everywhere*! Again, Mr. Steinberg mouths platitudes based in the "lesser-of-two-evils" approach to international affairs that leads conservatives, everywhere and always, to ignore the need for a revolutionary international libertarian movement as an alternative to revolutionary Marxism. I can only be appalled at Mr. Steinberg's remarks about the "loss" of Iran, again so typical of conservative mythology about nations being "ours." And I wonder *which* "certain" of the Shah's policies Mr. Steinberg would not support, the word "certain" underscoring by implication something basically positive about the Shah's reign. The monster Shah combined in his reign the systems of feudalism and state socialism, complete with five year plans. He practiced torture and brutally suppressed civil and economic liberties. His "modernization" and "development" programs were pages taken from Gunnar Myrdal, not P. T. Bauer. And his anti-Sovietism was simply militaristic megalomania, the desire to replace Britain as the dominant power in the Persian Gulf. What's more, the moronic, grade-school foreign policy which Mr. Steinberg parrots helped produce the Shah's downfall and the current instability in his country. But all in all, Mr. Steinberg's remarks here are again typical of the conservative mentality which cannot conceive of the need for a revolutionary libertarian alternative to Marxism, but instead supports the "lesser-of-two-evils" year after year, decade after decade, until there is no difference between the absurdly named "free world" and communist tyranny.

I shall not back down from responding to Mr. Steinberg's smears on the Middle East, either. Murray Rothbard is a scholar who has been writing on the Middle East for a good many years. He is Anti-Zionist, and does not connect Zionism with being Jewish, which he is. Earl Ravenal, on the other hand, whose analysis of the Middle East in our October issue ran alongside Rothbard's, and at several times the length, is not opposed to Zionism at all. He partly defended U.S. disengagement from the Middle East on the grounds that it would increase Israel's flexibility and security, by not tying Israel's security into American foreign policy needs, which are ever-changing and unprincipled to boot. Ravenal was not anti-Zionist in the least. What Mr. Steinberg complains about, therefore, is simple to pinpoint, and it is not flattering: that *The Libertarian Review* would dare to publish anything critical of *Israel*. My God, of whom have we *not* been critical? Deng, Mao, the Vietnamese, the Khmer Rouge, Tito, Qadaffi, Idi Amin, Jimmy Carter, the PLO, the Shah, Khomeini, Callaghan, Thatcher, Sadat, Hussein

. . . the list could go on indefinitely. We will not be cowed by the usual shameless and monstrous attributions of motives of "anti-Semitism" to anyone who criticizes Israel. It is the case that, as Arabs and Palestinians go, Yassir Arafat *is* a moderate—some (e.g. Qadaffi) are infinitely more anti-Jewish or anti-Israel than is he, and anyone who knows anything about the Middle East knows this. I and *The Libertarian Review* are opposed to Arafat and the PLO, and no less opposed to the policies of Begin and the state of Israel, and on precisely the same grounds, with the same principles and justification: we uphold justice for all concerned, and oppose the continual violations of individual rights. Speaking for myself, and not LR's official policies, for me Zionism comes from the same roots as Fabian socialism: socialists, nationalists, colonialists, having as its sole distinguishing characteristic that the ethnic group it most favors is not the British, but the Jews. I am certainly no supporter of the feudal or socialistic Arab states, which often treat the Palestinians even worse than they are treated by the Israelis. But why should the behavior of the worst states and people bring us to the callous and insensitive point where anything *less* is somehow morally acceptable? Are we to let Hitler and Stalin define our moral views by being so ugly and brutal that anything less appears to us a moral blessing? No! We must *always* uphold the standards of justice and individual rights, lest we become just another sect of cowards on the international scene, opportunistically manipulating one group against another.

Neither, finally, is *The Libertarian Review* either a "hoax" or a "leftist journal." We are proudly and defiantly *libertarian*, in the tradition of the Old Right which existed before the Buckley-*National Review* pro-Cold War *coup* in the mid-1950s. In my view, *The Libertarian Review* is the best libertarian publication, and that for the reasons implicit in Mr. Steinberg's letter: it will not pull

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punches or spare anyone's sacred cow. We uphold the principles of individual rights and the nonaggression principle, the entitlement theory of justice. These we believe to be universal standards which ought to be used in judging every situation. Mr. Steinberg's letter is a perfect example of what is wrong with conservatives today, and just one more reason I keep saying that conservatives not only will lose, but that they *deserve* to lose. Any home embarassed by *The Libertarian Review* is a home which does not deserve the magazine, and therefore I shall indeed do as Mr. Steinberg asks.

Revisiting the Shah

THE EDITORIAL BY JEFF Riggenbach, "The shah revisited," in your January issue, includes the remarkable statement that, according to Amnesty International, the Shah has "the worst human rights record of any ruler in the world . . . [and that] remains true today."

Really? Of any ruler in the world? That puts him into some *pretty* heavy company: Idi Amin, Leonid Brezhnev, Hua kuo-Feng, just to name a few. One might speculate that Brezhnev alone has more people in prison camps than Iran has people.

While not gainsaying the repressiveness of the Shah's regime, I must protest statements (such as the one above) which eliminate or blur the real distinctions of degree and scale between dictators such as the Shah and the really big leaguers like Mao Tse-tung, Joe Stalin, or Adolf Hitler. This lack of distinction is rendered especially ironic by the presence in the same issue of an article which rather minutely recites the unbelievable record of the murderers running China.

The attempt to lump tinhorn dictators (who manage to murder and torture only a relatively small number of their victims) with the big timers (who set out to do murder wholesale) is a favorite tool of the elitists running U.S. foreign policy. It draws attention away from the blood on the hands of the large scale totalitarians from whom the elitists draw both their power and their profit. Thus the butchers are made to appear somehow less guilty, and hence more palatable, to a gullible American public.

Mr. Riggenbach has only helped to perpetuate this myth. Murder is not cumulative: the killer of one human is as much a murderer as the killer of a thousand, but the genocide is in a class of evil by himself. Moreover, the question of the Shah's viciousness will soon become moot to the Iranian people, who have now replaced a vanilla dictator with a real-McCoy religious fanatic dictator. Anybody can tell that that's an improvement.

FRANKLIN SANDERS
Memphis, Tennessee

IN CONTRAST TO THE many fine editorials you have published in the past, I found the January, 1979, editorials on the Iranian crisis disappointing in varying degrees. Concerning U.S. bungling in Iran, they are on the mark; but in many ways the editorials (particularly "The shah revisited") make the same error which our State Department has made over and over again in dealing with non-Western countries. Islamic culture must be met and analyzed on its own terms. . . .

Prior to the Shah's "modernization" program and the influx of fantastic oil wealth, Iran remained a land deeply rooted in Islamic tradition. The explosive impact of Western technology and industrialization coupled with the Shah's rapid and brutal attempts to change and secularize Iranian society threatened to destroy the old world of Shi'ite Islam which constitutes the cultural matrix and basic value system of most Iranians. . . . Even without the Shah, Iran would have faced this crisis in some form because the crisis is not the clash of modern conveniences with quaint folkways. . . .

The so-called "human rights" issue must also be re-examined. "Human rights" in Iran cannot be equated with "individual rights" as we think of it. If "human rights" has any meaning here it is the traditional Shi'ite antagonism between the political state and the religious community—the claims of religion on the faithful against the claims of the state on the citizens. "Individual rights," conceived in the Anglo-Saxon form, is a non-issue. There is no serious Islamic philosophical or legal tradition of concern for the individual apart from the collective body of Muslims. Individual political rights is not a primary category and has meaning only in a full system supporting individualism, absent in Iran. To think that the issues in Iran reduce to the familiar Western scheme is to be badly mistaken.

The opposition to the Shah arises not from "freedom-loving people in pursuit of the same civil liberties all Americans enjoy"—how simple if this were so—but, rather, from this deeper Levantine opposition to the Western intrusion ushered in by the Shah. Without question, the autocratic regime of the Shah, with its various injustices, fanned the flames of insurrection; but it did not cause it. The world is full of despots still in power pursuing exactly the same policies which the Shah tried. The Shah's failure and fall merely illustrate the impossibility of achieving the benefits of freedom and a market economy by fascistic imperatives, and paticularly in a land where these ideas are alien.

And with the Shah gone, probably for good, what of the Ayatollah Khomeini? He is a religious fanatic, and your editorialists should know this. He is not a kindly old Iranian wise man, but a zealot determined to establish a medieval theocracy in Iran and, as such, a more dangerous foe to individual rights than the Shah. . . . Exchanging the King of Kings for the Ayatollah represents little progress for Iran.

The eternal meddling of the U.S. government in the affairs of other countries is certainly nothing to cheer about, but analysts must not make the mistake of assuming that every crisis in the world arises from it. This is the same ethnocentrism which assumes the holy mission of imposing our "superior" culture on the rest of the world. The philosophical and ideological streams in the non-West follow a logic of their own and are not so easily perverted by our incompetent foreign policy. If your editorialists urge on us the equanimity for a non-interventionist foreign policy—and quite rightly—then they should

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also have the equanimity to view events on their own terms without straining them to fit ideological preconceptions.

Only one thing can be certain in Iran's future: as always, the chief victims will be the peaceful, productive members of Iranian society. Between the Shah, the Ayatollah, and foreign meddling, Iranian liberty will be strangled before it even takes a breath. Individual rights in Iran do not need to be salvaged but constructed for the first time. That this can be done in a strictly Islamic society is highly unlikely, but Iran must take the first step itself if it ever is to occur. . . . Outside the West, the world is perishing not from lack of liberty, but the lack of the very *idea* of liberty.

JAMES LEE BROOKS, JR., M.D.
Clarkston, Georgia

Riggenbach replies:

If, as Mr. Sanders argues, "murder is not cumulative" and "the killer of one human is as much a murderer as the killer of a thousand," then I am unable to see why "the genocide is in a class of evil by himself," or why the Shah must be considered a "tinhorn dictator" outside the class of "really big leaguers like Mao Tse-tung, Joe Stalin, or Adolf Hitler." Questions concerning the standards used by Amnesty International in judging the comparative evil of human rights records had best be directed to that organization.

I am unable to agree with Dr. Brooks that "individual rights in Iran do not need to be salvaged but constructed for the first time." Rights are not constructed, but simply *are*. And the fact that those whose rights are being violated have not yet learned to think about the matter in the terms we use here in the West strikes me as quite irrelevant.

Inconsistency?

WHILE I REALIZE THAT magazines such as yours cannot be expected to publish fully self-consistent pieces so that all contributions square with each other's main thesis, the following contrast in your February 1979 issue is simply too glaring to pass off as mere pluralism among libertarians:

Earl C. Ravenal: "To the traditional objects of quarrels between nations, the Carter administration has added some additional baggage: economic warfare, and 'human rights'—the knee-jerk defense of our own peculiar values in other countries."

Murrary N. Rothbard: "For our aim is to bring freedom to the entire world, and therefore it makes an enormous difference to us *in which direction* various countries are moving, whether toward liberty or toward slavery."

I believe this discrepancy between one of your guest editorials and an article by one of your contributing editors (and one of the intellectual heros of contemporary libertarianism, especially as espoused by *Libertarian Review*), should be called to your and your readers' attention.

TIBOR R. MACHAN
Santa Barbara, California

Rothbard replies:

Professor Machan's letter is a curious one, since it is so flagrantly at odds with his own well-known enthusiasm for greater diversity within the libertarian movement.

But let that pass. For even more curious is the fact that Machan sees a contradiction where none exists, and he as a libertarian should be among the first to realize this. For in the two quotations, Professor Ravenal was talking about *governments* and the proper foreign policy for them to pursue, while I was talking about individuals outside of government, specifically those of us in the libertarian movement. If libertarians should be alive to *any* distinction in the universe, it is surely the distinction between private persons and governments.

How about rent-a-baby?

I CANNOT DISAGREE with Professor Block's article "On 'baby selling'" [January 1979]. Still some uncomfortable questions come to mind. If the biological mother can sell her baby to adoptive parents, can these in turn sell the baby to still other buyers? If not, why not? If yes, where does this lead? Specifically, how often and up to what age can a child be sold and resold? For example, can a six-year child be sold? If so, what rights does the buyer acquire in this transaction? Suppose we answer: the right acquired is only the right to raise the child. But then if the buyer's idea of "raising the child" is hard labor or any kind of commercial or quasi-commercial service, how does this development differ from the purchase of slave labor? How many such children can one family (or corporation disguised as a "family") buy? Is one hundred too many? Who will say? I am aware, of course, that the problem of treating a child like a slave can arise also in relation to its biological parents but not, it seems to me, with the same immediacy as it would if "child rearing" were commercializable in the way I consider. And further, if one can buy a baby or perhaps even older children, can one rent a baby or a child, have child rental establishments, for whatever purposes? Perhaps there would be little or no market for child selling or child rental of the kind I have indicated, but this does little to settle the theoretical problem which these questions only begin to suggest.

FLORIAN VON IMHOF
Boston, Massachusetts

Block replies:

Mr. Imhof raises some interesting and important questions which will have to be answered by any complete rendition of the libertarian theory of children's rights. But I am puzzled. What do these queries have to do with my article on baby selling?

For in that article I took for granted that parents have the right to *give away*, as in adoptions, the package of rights and responsibilities they have with regard to their children. Nor did I concern myself with analysing what this package properly consisted of. The only point I tried to make is that parents have a right to *charge for* that which everyone concedes they have a right to do when there is no money transfer; that is, *given* that they may allow their children to be adopted, they may also do this for financial remuneration.

Mr. Imhof, on the other hand, asks for an elucidation of the rights and obligations that children and parents have for each other. But since I did not deal with this question, his criticism is illegitimate.

It would make as much (or as little) sense to attack my baby selling article on the ground that it does not deal with the evils of public school education, nor with the libertarian view on compulsory child inoculations, blood transfusions against the will of the parents, or with child labor laws. These are *also* crucial issues for the theory of chil-

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dren's rights. Libertarians, in this case too, have a unique contribution to make. But in similar manner, they are *irrelevant* to the question of whether parents who have the right to *give* their children away in adoption also have the right to *charge money for* the identical transfer.

A reply to a letter to the editor does not afford the space for an answer to Mr. Imhof's questions. However, there are several places where the interested reader may find solutions to some of the challenges he poses. These include my "A libertarian theory of abortion" in the March 1978 issue of *Reason*, and the chapter on "The employer of child labor" in my book *Defending the Undefendable* (New York: Fleet Press, 1976) pp. 247-56. There are also *Man, Economy and State* (New York: Van Nostrand, 1962) p. 439, the discussion of child labor laws in *Power and Market* (Kansas City: Sheed Andrews and McMeel, 1977) pp. 56-7, "Kid Lib," in *Egalitarianism as a Revolt against Nature* (Washington, D.C.: Libertarian Review Press, 1974) pp 88-95, all by Murray N. Rothbard; and "The Law of Omissions and Neglect of Children" by Williamson M. Evers in *The Journal of Libertarian Studies*, Vol. 2, No. 1, Winter 1978, pp. 1-10.

Decadence and liberty

THIS IS IN PRAISE OF "In Praise of Decadence," a masterwork of historical overview, economic understanding, sociologic insight, and style. Indeed, the entire piece is ample evidence of the claim Riggenbach makes that today's great writers are moving away from the novel and toward the critical es-

say; Riggenbach is himself an essayist *par excellence.*

The entire work—and this, in fact, is a quality of all *LR* issues to date—exudes a joyous optimism that surely tomorrow's world is ours for the taking—that libertarianism is an idea whose time has come. It is going to be a tough fight, no doubt, but one, indeed, that we'll probably win in the end, if only because libertarianism can command the talents of those who write for *Libertarian Review*; but with pieces like "Decadence," the battle for liberty will not just be difficult—it will be enjoyable as well.

ROSS LEVATTER
Cincinnati, Ohio

JEFF RIGGENBACH IS one of those rare individuals who write so well that it is easy to think the content of his articles must be as good as the form. However, a careful examination of some of the arguments in his recent piece "In Praise of Decadence" reveals some serious flaws.

Riggenbach, argues, correctly, that periods of cultural decadence tend to be hospitable to the growth of libertarian ideas, and that much of what is decried as "permissiveness" is merely another name for liberty. Riggenbach, however, seems to jump from the fact that decadence or permissiveness is libertarian in a *political or social* sense to claim that *morally* speaking an *individual's* pursuit of a decadent lifestyle must be applauded as libertarian or individualistic. But if one's moral code is simply a subjectivistic commitment to "doing one's own thing," what if one's own thing involves violating people's rights? Perhaps present day decadents are tolerant folks and won't feel inclined in that direction, but surely there is no convincing moral barrier, if one is preoccupied with self-indulgence, to such coercive action. In this regard it is worth noting that Max Stirner and Jim Hougan, to whom Riggenbach fondly refers, provide evidence that moral subjectivism/decadence is incompatible with libertarianism: Stirner thought all talk of rights was a fiction and Hougan thinks decadence refers to "*the inconsequentiality of an individual's existence*". If Riggenbach thinks these are kindred libertarian spirits, then he is sadly mistaken.

None of this is meant to deny that a vital concern for one's well-being is in opposition to libertarianism. Indeed, some libertarian philosophers have argued that an ethic of rational or eudaimonistic egoism grounds the political philosophy of libertarianism. Rational self interest and libertinism are worlds apart, however; the former can condemn certain modes of behavior as being *immoral*, while the latter is infused with an "anything goes" spirit.

Closely related to Riggenbach's mistaken link between decadence and libertarianism is his failure to appreciate the massive assault on rationality that is occuring in today's decadent period. While Riggenbach does *briefly* mention that many of the ideas prevalent in a decadent society are false or foolish, he does not seem to realize how it affects his basic argument. Certainly the values of the counterculture that Riggenbach applauds have no small connection with the assault on rationality; while undoubtedly some commentators have exaggerated the counterculture's hostility to reason, progress, science, and technology, it would be folly to pretend that the attack on the rationalistic values of Western civilization is totally divorced from the growth of the counterculture. Many libertarians have argued that the fate of liberty and the value of rationality are inextricably linked; if this is so, then the counterculture may be fundamentally opposed to the spirit of libertarianism.

Another connection Riggenbach makes which one might well question is that between anti-authoritarianism and libertarianism. While surely libertarians must applaud the decline of *state* authority, and, to a lesser extent, conventional authority, it is far from clear that anti-authoritarianism per se ought to be heralded. If I am right that a defense of rationality and liberty are linked, then the *authority* of *reason* badly needs upholding; further, the heart of libertarianism is a movement against *power*, *not* authority. Some people such as Robert Nisbet have argued that periods of declining authority are periods of rising statism, and while his analysis may not be fully convincing, the relationship between the two is more complicated than Riggenbach suggests.

Finally, one must protest Riggenbach's out of context references to Murray Rothbard and Lewis Lapham. It is a little unfair to cite Murray Rothbard in a piece praising decadence without mentioning that Rothbard has always been a harsh critic of the counterculture and a believer in an objective moral framework. And it is more than a little unfair to cite Lapham's essay on California without mentioning that one of the focal points of the attack revolved around California's alleged obsession with image, ap-

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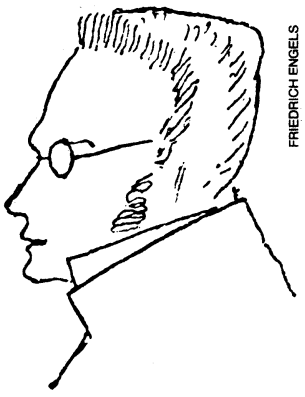
pearance, and superficiality.

DANNY SHAPIRO
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Riggenbach replies:

It is disappointing indeed to be informed, as I am now informed by Danny Shapiro, that one is a writer of rare skill who has failed to clearly communicate his ideas to a reader of obvious sensitivity and erudition. As a confirmed devotee of the idea that form must follow function, I can only conclude that my recent effort to identify and analyze the trends now dominating our culture has enjoyed only middling success.

It seems to me indisputable that an individual's pursuit of a decadent lifestyle is individualistic. That is, after all, what it *means* to pursue a decadent lifestyle: to live according to values one has chosen for oneself, according to one's individual standards, without regard for the pronouncements of established authority. It is certainly true that by this definition, Charles Manson was pursuing a decadent lifestyle when he conducted the atrocious murders at the Tate and LaBianca homes. And needless to say, Charles Manson cannot reasonably be regarded as a libertarian. That he was an individualist, however, seems inescapable—not in his social theories, of course, but in his choice of a deviant lifestyle. There is, surely, such a thing as an evil individualist. Shapiro himself offers evidence for this assertion when he refers to the potentially evil consequences of Max Stirner's ideas. The point I sought to make in my essay was simply that libertarianism is a logical outgrowth (though not, as Shapiro rightly argues, the only possible or inevitable outgrowth) of individualism. It seems to me, therefore, that a society in which individualism (even individualism of the worst kind) is a dominant cultural value is a society in which libertarianism is also likely to be popular among those interested in ideas. This assertion does not seem to me tantamount to the assertion that Max Stirner was a libertarian. As for Jim Hougan, I can find no reference to him in my essay which I think might reasonably be interpreted as an assertion of his sympathy with libertarianism. As far as I know he has no such sympathy. I devoted a large proportion of "In Praise of Decadence" to discussion of his 1975 book, *Decadence*, because it was by this book which I was first led to two of the most important ideas in my essay: the co-optation of the counterculture by the left, and the role of advertising as a popularizer of the values of the counterculture.



Max Stirner

Hougan may not be a libertarian, but he is an acute cultural critic and one to whom I am indebted for many of my own ideas.

Shapiro worries that a culture whose only folkway was "do your own thing" would pose "no convincing moral barrier" to such behavior as that exhibited by the Hell's Angels and the Manson Family. This is true, of course; but mustn't one ask in fairness what convincing moral barrier was posed by the authoritarian culture which preceded ours to such behavior (incalculably more destructive and irrational) as that exhibited by the U.S. military men in Vietnam and the U.S. Drug Enforcement officers in Latin America? Let Shapiro consider the historical record and contrast the prevalence of violent violations of human rights during decadent periods as against authoritarian periods. And let him draw the inescapable conclusion.

Timothy Leary

I must confess that I am at a loss to understand what is meant by those who accuse the counterculture of a "hostility to reason, progress, science, and technology." Such windy abstractions ordinarily conceal a will simply to smear with high sounding words. "Reason," after all, means only the processes (which are many and various and almost infinitely complex, and are not, I fear, capable of neat codification) by which human beings form and combine and link their ideas. "Science" means only investigation and conceptual organization of the natural world. "Technology" means only the machines we use to do the work we do. And "progress" means nothing at all in the absence of any explicitly spelled out standard of value by which it is to be measured. Does Shapiro believe that the counterculture is hostile to thought per se, and to studying the natural world and to the use of machines? What does he make, I wonder, of the great enthusiasm among counterculturists for the technology we call solar power, or for the scientific discipline known as ecology, or for the social and philosophical ideas of writers and thinkers as diverse as Paul Goodman, Timothy Leary, and Buckminster Fuller?

Perhaps I stand convicted of unfairness to Lewis Lapham, but I think not; Shapiro and I seem to have formed rather different ideas of where the thrust of Lapham's argument lay. In the case of Murray Rothbard, I suggest Shapiro better acquaint himself with the published works of this important libertarian writer before asserting that he "has always been a harsh critic of the counter culture." Specifically, he should consult Rothbard's essay on "Liberty and the New Left" in *Left and Right*, Volume I, Number 2, Autumn 1965, pp. 35-66. ❑

COMING SOON IN LR

Roy A. Childs, Jr. on Energy and American Foreign Policy
Joan Kennedy Taylor on H. L. Mencken's Defense of Women

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THE PUBLIC TROUGH

Energy politics

BRUCE BARTLETT

SINCE 1973, PRICES for domestically produced crude oil have been artificially held below the world market price by government controls. As in all cases of price controls, this has distorted supply and demand. The world market price is telling us that the supply of oil is declining, that consumption should be reduced accordingly, and that substitutes should be sought, while the domestically controlled price does the opposite, telling consumers that oil is more plentiful than it actually is, that they need not cut back on consumption, and that substitution is unnecessary. The result, predictably, is rising consumption and reduced domestic supplies of oil.

Moreover, in conjunction with oil price controls the government has established an entitlement system which further distorts supply and demand. In the absence of entitlements, those refineries with access to lower-priced domestic oil would make huge profits, while those forced to use higher priced OPEC oil would suffer. In order to even out the disparities, therefore, the entitlement system establishes an average price for oil which all users pay.

The average price for all oil used in the United States, including imports, is now approximately $14.00 per barrel. Yet it now costs approximately $18.00 per barrel to import oil. The $4.00 per barrel difference represents a subsidy that is paid through the cumbersome entitlement system to those who purchase and use imported oil. In other words, imported oil is *subsidized* at the same time that domestic production is *discouraged* by price controls. Is it any wonder, then, that domestic production has steadily declined while imports have increased? In 1973 the U.S. imported about six million barrels of oil per day. Today that figure is nine million barrels per day. And the situation is steadily growing worse.

To his credit, President Carter has moved to correct this absurd situation by decontrolling the domestic price of oil. He has proposed gradual decontrol beginning this year with full decontrol in 1981. Unfortunately, he has also decided to combine decontrol with the imposition of a "windfall profits" tax.

Carter's attitude is that a windfall profits tax is justified since oil producers will make more profit after decontrol than they do today even with the tax. The tax is suppose to insure that the oil companies do not "unfairly" profit from adversity.

The fact of the matter is that Carter is hurting domestic oil production more than he knows. Congress decreed in 1975 that the price of oil would be decontrolled in 1981 without further action. Thus oil exploration has proceeded on this assumption. The windfall profits tax now reduces the expectations of profit which oil drillers had for the period after 1981. Presumably, the expectation of reduced after-tax profits will reduce oil drilling and exploration below what it otherwise would have been.

What we all want is an increased supply of domestic oil and we ought to stop backing away from doing what is necessary to get it. To get more of anything there needs to be an increase in the return for producing it. If the rate of return is held down by taxes or price controls then there is going to be less production, period.

The truth of the matter is that President Carter is not decontrolling the price of oil because he believes it will lead to an increase in supply. Carter has always believed that the domestic supply of oil is basically inelastic—so that an increase in price will not lead to much of an increase in supply. So he is decontrolling oil only for one reason: full decontrol comes *automatically* on September 30, 1981. By phasing it in, he hopes to reduce the economic impact of this move while simultaneously justifying an in-

I HATE TO LET HER GO...SHE LAYS GOLDEN EGGS, BUT THE WINDFALL PROFITS TAX IS KILLING ME...

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crease in taxes on oil companies. And his desire for a windfall profits tax is not based on any supposed "concern" for the consumer, merely naked greed for more tax revenue.

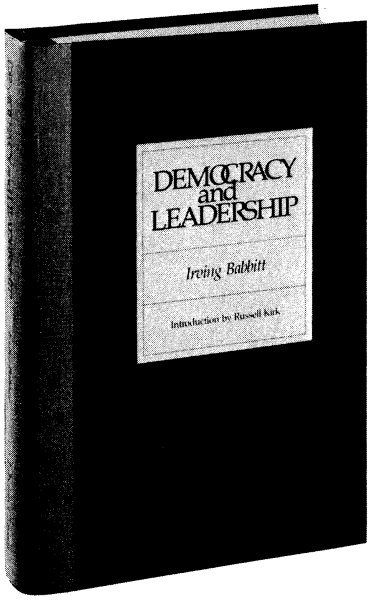
Carter has said that the revenues from a windfall profits tax will be used to fund research and development of alternative energy sources. It seems obvious that this will turn into no more than an energy pork barrel fund which will do nothing to create more energy. As Congressman Dave Stockman puts it:

"If the $17-billion in 'windfall profits' is such an intractable political problem that it must be taxed away, then the best solution would be to rebate the proceeds on a per capita basis as an annual Christmas bonus to the American people. The worst solution is to hand them over to a Congress that is likely to build a windfall or its functional equivalent in every district across the land."

At present it appears likely that Congress will approve some kind of windfall profits tax. The critical debate will focus on whether a plowback provision will be included. With a plowback provision any funds invested by oil companies in domestic energy development would be exempt from the windfall profits tax. Since virtually all oil companies regularly invest more than their annual profits in energy development, the effect would be to virtually eliminate the adverse effects of a windfall profits tax. President Carter is adamantly opposed to a plowback, because he understands that it would effectively gut the windfall profits tax. It is unlikely, however, that the Congress will adopt a tax without plowback. Although no tax at all would be the best solution, a tax with plowback seems like the probable outcome of 1979's energy debate. ❑

Now Available:

Democracy and Leadership
By Irving Babbitt



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THE MOVEMENT

MILTON MUELLER

A BRIEF NOTE ON the May 1st anti-draft rallies called by Students for a Libertarian Society:

The timing could not have been better. On the morning of April 30, the House Military Manpower Subcommittee unanimously reported out a bill that would resume registration of 18 year olds. The bill, which will now be considered by the full House Armed Services Committee, requires draft registration starting on January 1, 1981. It would also commission a study on how to register people best, and a feasibility study on drafting people into the Individual Ready Reserve (IRR). By a vote of 5-4, the subcommittee defeated another bill which would have actually drafted 200,000 men into the IRR 90 days after its passage. But this was *not* defeated because the committee members opposed conscription; draft supporters simply thought it was premature. As Cold warrior Marjorie Holt (R-MD) said in the *New York Times,* "people are just going to say we're silly." The bill that was passed allows them to "study the feasibility" of—i.e., orchestrate more support for—a reserve draft while setting up the registration machinery that would make such a draft easy to implement.

As it happens, the entire week of SLS-sparked protest was to be kicked off that same day in Washington, D.C. The rally, held on the Capitol steps at noon, featured disabled Vietnam veteran Ron Kovic, Senator Mark Hatfield (R-OR), pacifist Barry Lynn, Representative James Weaver (D-OR), Representative Don Edwards (D-CA) and SLS's own Tom Palmer. SLS helped to form a nationwide coalition of anti-war and anti-draft groups called Committee Against Registration and the Draft (CARD), which helped to build the rally. CARD includes nearly 35 organizations, such as ACLU, AFSC, SANE, and the National Taxpayers Union. Over 600 people attended the Washington rally, where a fiery speech by Kovic whipped them up into a determined chant of "Hell No, We Won't Go!" Comic relief was provided by the "liberal" statist Pete McCloskey (R-CA), who somehow got it into his head that he had been invited to speak. Denied a chance to speak, McCloskey skulked about on the speakers platform telling reporters that SLS had invited him to speak and was now reneging. The ralliers responded to this patent lie with an impromptu sit-in at McCloskey's office—and made the CBS morning news.

The next day, nearly 50 such rallies were held on college campuses around the country. Crowd sizes ranged from 50 determined high school students in Nevada County, California (where it rained), to nearly 1,000 at the University of California at Berkeley. Notable demonstrations were held in New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Madison, Austin, Minneapolis and Los Angeles. In Boston, coordinator Leda Cosmides brought together students from Harvard, Boston College, MIT, and Brandeis in a downtown demonstration featuring Robert Nozick. In New York, work on the rally brought together what are often feuding sections of the movement, as New York University students, the Free Libertarian Party, the New Jersey LP, Laissez-Faire Books and the Association of Libertarian Feminists all participated. The Los Angeles area saw hefty demonstrations at Occidental College, the University of Southern California and U.C.L.A. On May 5, a major rally was held in downtown Philadelphia, where Don Ernsberger of the Society for Individual Liberty brought together SLS, the Friends Peace Committee, YAF and CCCO. On that same day LR editor Roy Childs and I debated McCloskey at Stanford University. The debate was broadcast live over local radio.

This flurry of SLS-inspired anti-draft activity has earned the respect of several prominent anti-war activists from the sixties. David Harris, the former husband of Joan Baez and a draft resister who went to jail during the Vietnam war, will speak at an upcoming SLS Student Activist Seminar and at the Libertarian Party National Convention in Los Angeles. Ron Kovic, reputedly an anarchist, has praised SLS and has been invited to speak on a panel at the LP National Convention. David Dellinger, one of the Chicago Seven, spoke at the New York SLS rally and helped promote our anti-draft rally in Boston.

Although we didn't really think about it until it was over, the Mayday demonstrations were unique in the history of the modern libertarian movement: they were the first nationwide events ever called and organized by libertarians.

The trials and triumphs of a libertarian bookseller

If the modern libertarian movement, barely ten years old, has any venerable institutions, then Laissez-Faire Books is surely one of them. Christian Scientists have hundreds of reading rooms; socialist bookstores abound. But Laissez-Faire, at 206 Mercer Street in New York City, is the only true storefront bookstore devoted to libertarian literature presently supported by the movement.

It is difficult to understand the importance of Laissez-Faire without actually visiting the neighborhood in New York where it

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NEIL HEILPERN

Nearly 1,000 students turned out at the SLS antidraft rally on the Berkeley campus of the University of California.

stands. At the corner of Mercer and Bleecker Streets, Laissez-Faire is right in the heart of Greenwich Village, only a step away from Washington Square Park and New York University. A few blocks down the garbage-strewn sidewalks and caked-paint facades of Bleecker Street, one can find the tiny offices of dozens of left-wing group and groupletts, from the Yippies to the War Resisters League. In the midst of all this cultural hubbub and political noise, it warms the heart to find a tenacious libertarian flag flying.

And it pays off. I remember encountering alternative school activist George Dennison at a conference where I was running a literature table. He expressed interest, and said he had been introduced to libertarianism at the Laissez-Faire bookstore in New York.

Laissez-Faire opened in early March of 1972 after six months of preparation by John Muller, the proprietor, and his former partner Sharon Presley. The first day was also the best day for over-the-counter sales the store has ever had; the group did a lot of promotion and the novelty of a libertarian bookstore attracted attention. Appropriately enough, the very first person to purchase a book there—a transaction that took place while John was still nailing together the counter—became a regular customer. Muller still recognizes the man because he "probably has showed up here more times than anyone else."

Laissez-Faire's selection of libertarian literature is broad and eclectic. It ranges from John Hospers to the anarcho-communist *Open Road*. Petr Beckmann's pro-nuclear *Access to Energy* sits alongside material from the anti-nuclear Shad Alliance. Muller is particularly proud of his selection of anarchist literature, much of which is rare and hard to find, including European anarchist journals.

Generally, Laissez-Faire has been well received by the surrounding community. "The anarchist section makes it hard for leftists to be against us," notes Muller. However, European anarchists who visit—usually unaware of the individualist strain of anarchist thought—"have their minds blown" by the presence of capitalist literature. Of course, in Europe, "libertarian" *means* anarcho-communist, while "capitalism" connotes not the free market, but mercantilism and fascism.

Ironically, Muller believes that the worst reception of all has come from Objectivists. Whenever Muller is asked in an accusatory tone, "Why do you carry *this* book? " he knows that it is another Objectivist, objecting to subversive literature from the mystic/altruist/collectivist axis. One customer who discovered Ayn Rand at Laissez-Faire itself, became an Objectivist and suddenly refused to patronize the store because it was (gasp) "anarchist."

Running a bookstore for a market as tiny as libertarianism has always been a shaky proposition. Muller and Presley started Laissez-Faire with $1500. For a while, Muller supported the store by working at another job. The market, of course, has its peaks and valleys. The 1976 MacBride campaign led to increased interest in libertarian books. That and some heavy advertising in the early part of 1977 led to a few months of actual profit for the store. Business then fell off, only to be revived by the new Cato Institute series in Austrian economics, which is handled through Laissez-Faire .

Muller sums up his seven-year experience as one of being "constantly on the ropes." But the growth of the libertarian movement makes him very optimistic about the future. Excited by the prospect of the 1980 Presidential elections, the growth of the student libertarian movement, and the Cato book program, Muller has made a decision to "stop working half-assed" and pursue an aggressive program of expansion. He plans to acquire some capital, hire more help, and begin some systematic advertising and promotional activities. Laissez-Faire Books, he reminds me, is "the only truly free market institution in the movement." ❑

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HOWARD JARVIS: MAD AS HELL AT 76

AN LR INTERVIEW

Politically speaking, Howard Jarvis is nothing if not a late bloomer. By the time he burst into national prominence in 1978, he was 75 years old and had been actively politicking—as a press aide, campaign worker and candidate—for nearly 50 years. It is probably no accident, however, that the campaign which made Jarvis an overnight national hero was the first campaign in which he'd ever participated as anything other than a Republican, or at least a conservative. As the colorful, outspoken leader of the Proposition 13 campaign in California during the spring of 1978, Jarvis spoke for a new constituency in American politics, a constituency made up of disillusioned liberals, disillusioned conservatives, former Republicans, and former Democrats who had changed their voter registration to "Independent" and had begun staying away from the polls altogether unless there was really something to vote for: something like Proposition 13, which would make it possible for them to keep a little more of their hard-earned money and reduce by at least a little the steady encroachments of government on their lives.

In rallying that constituency to a 2 to 1 victory at the polls in June 1978, Jarvis also lit a fire under a national phenomenon which came, in the weeks following the passage of Proposition 13, to be called the Tax Revolt. Prop 13 clones began turning up on the ballot in the 25 states whose constitutions permitted the use of the initiative process. Ambitious tax revolters began thinking bigger than state and local taxes and began talking about finding a way to force the federal government to give up some of *its* income and trim some of the unsightly fat off *its* mammoth bureaucracy. And Howard Jarvis was right there in the front lines, making every effort to extend the Prop 13 idea to every level of government in every corner of the land. By the fall of 1978 he had filmed a 30 minute TV special on the tax revolt, arranged for prime time broadcast of the special on major stations in America's largest cities, and brought in about $1-million in contributions to start up a national tax revolt organization called the American Tax Reduction Movement. By early 1979 he had contracted to write a book on the tax revolt called *Mad as Hell* (it's scheduled to be published this fall), was involved in negotiations to add a nationally syndicated radio commentary to his already nationally syndicated newspaper column and his almost astonishingly heavy schedule of public appearances, and was working within California to preserve the gains voters thought they had won by passing Proposition 13.

Within weeks of 13's passage, the politicians and bureaucrats in California had begun working to circumvent the new law. If they were now required to cut certain government programs which had been funded by property tax revenues, they apparently reasoned, they'd just cut services like police and fire protection and garbage pickup and sewer maintenance—services which they could feel confident most citizens would prefer not to do without.

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LESLEE J. NEWMAN

Then they'd publicly announce that there were no longer sufficient property tax revenues to fund these services at their usual levels, and it would be necessary to charge fees to keep them going. The amounts of the new fees, needless to say, were strikingly reminiscent of the amounts many homeowners had saved by voting for Prop 13. As of early 1979, when LR editors Jeff Riggenbach and Roy A. Childs, Jr. sat down with Howard Jarvis for some candid conversation about how the tax revolt was doing one year later, these efforts at circumvention were still going on, though many had been stopped and other were tied up in court challenges. We decided to begin our discussion by finding out how the elder statesman of the fledgling tax revolt felt about the success of his first legislative triumph.

LR: It's been almost a year since Proposition 13 was passed by the people of the State of California. Do you feel it's been implemented? Has government been cut back to adjust to the decreased amount of property tax revenue?

Jarvis: No. Or only to a very small extent. The State of California had 880,000 employees; it still has 876,000. There's been a lot of effort on the part of elected officials to circumvent 13 in a number of ways and they've been successful in most of them up to now. On the other hand, the real purpose of Proposition 13 was to protect the right of people to own homes and property in California, and to that extent it's been absolutely, miraculously successful. I think 13 stopped four million elderly couples from having their homes placed in jeopardy, along with maybe two million middle class people, and it's opening the door somewhat so young people can once again buy homes in California. In addition to that, according to the latest release of the United States Department of Commerce, 13 has created an economy in California that's about twice as healthy as any of the rest of the states have. It's added 91,000 jobs in California and is rapidly increasing the personal income of the people of California. So, overall, it's an overwhelming success. I think we can establish that by the fact that although it passed 2 to 1 on June 6, 1978, a recent statewide poll asked the question, "If 13 were on the ballot today, how would you vote?" and discovered that today it would pass 3 to 1.

LR: Officials in Oakland, one of California's medium-sized cities, recently announced that Proposition 13 would necessitate cuts in the number of beat cops working the downtown area at night, along with other cuts in the fire department and the parks and recreation department.

Jarvis: I can't speak for the parks and recreation department, but there's more than enough money in the one percent property tax to pay full police costs, full fire costs, full street lights costs, full sewer and garbage collection costs, and if they say they're going to have to cut back on the police department they're giving the public a snow job. In Los Angeles we wouldn't stand for that. The Mayor made an announcement one morning that they were going to take a thousand people off the police force. I got him on the phone; I got on the air; and they didn't take anybody off the police department. These generally are scare tactics used by opportunistic politicians to punish the people for voting for 13. Parks and recreation I don't know too much about. It hasn't been affected in Southern California. I don't see why it should be affected much in Northern California. However, I don't think we should sell peoples' homes out for taxes for parks and recreation.

LR: You've now proposed that we follow up Proposition 13 with a 50% cut in the state income tax and the business inventory tax. Why abolish the business inventory tax instead of the state sales tax, which would probably make

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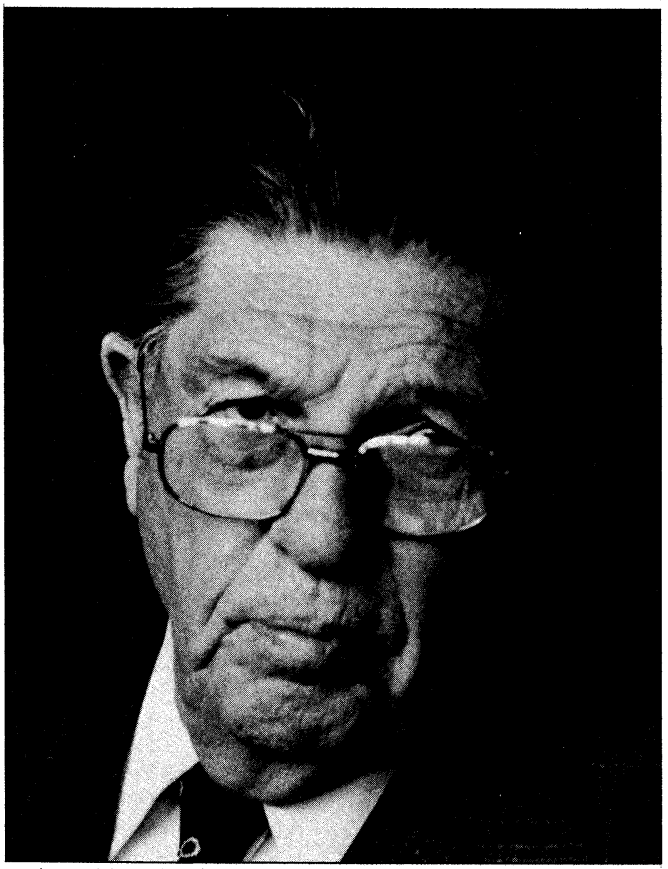

"The public school system is second to none in waste, incompetence, and zero results. It's a cancer on this society."

LESLEE J. NEWMAN

"The people of this country are saying to the bureaucrats and politicians: 'I'm more important to me than you are!'"

for a much more dramatic cutback in the taxes that citizens have to pay?

Jarvis: Well, we have to have some taxes in California, and the state tax is very productive and it's a pretty fair tax. As long as food and medicine are eliminated from the sales tax it's a pretty progressive tax. One feature it has that I like very much is that it gives the taxpayer control over how much of it he's going to pay. If he doesn't want to buy a Cadillac, he buys a Ford. If he doesn't want to buy a $10 shirt, he buys a $3.50 shirt. We can't take all the money away from government. We have to leave government the amount of money it needs for essential public services. The income tax in California has gone up even faster than the property tax. And the income tax plus the sales tax, after having produced a $6½-billion surplus last year when all the public officials ran around the state lying about it and said it was only $1½-billion, will produce an $8-billion surplus *this* year. So what we want to do is to take is about $2½-billion more dollars out of that $8-billion surplus because the state will have ample tax revenues without it.

The business inventory tax is a very serious drag on the economy of California. In the first place it creates big industries in other states. On March 1st of each year, the inventory you have in stock is assessed for the inventory tax. Big merchandisers like Sears & Roebuck and J.C. Penney always warehouse their incoming merchandise in Nevada or Arizona until March 1st. A lot of inventory, especially in the motion picture business where they can move $50-million worth of stuff in one Fruehauf trailer, leaves California about 5 days before March 1st, goes over the Arizona or Nevada, and comes back about 5 days after March 1st. The inventory tax simply raises the consumer price and keeps California business in tougher competition with other states. And it doesn't produce enough money to justify being such a drag on our economy. That's why I'm in favor of eliminating the inventory tax. A guy buys a pair of shoes in a shoe store and doesn't sell them for a year, and he has to pay inventory tax twice on it. That adds to the price and it's bad for consumers. We want to keep the sales tax, but freeze it at its present level.

LR: Ultimately, in order to keep cutting taxes, we will have to cut back on government services and functions. Which should be cut back?

Jarvis: All of them.

LR: Where do you feel the most money is wasted by government today?

Jarvis: The public school system is second to none in waste, incompetence, and zero results. I think the public school system is a cancer on this society. The only difference between the public schools and the Mafia is that the public schools steal more money.

LR: The Libertarian Party has proposed a ballot initiative granting a state income tax credit of up to $1200 for any individual or corporation that pays the private school tuition of a child in the state of California. What do you think of that idea?

Jarvis: I have to agree with it. Private schools are far superior to the public schools. A grand jury investigation in Los Angeles County last year turned up the sad fact that 63 percent of the students at affluent schools—not ghetto schools, but affluent schools—were functionally illiterate.

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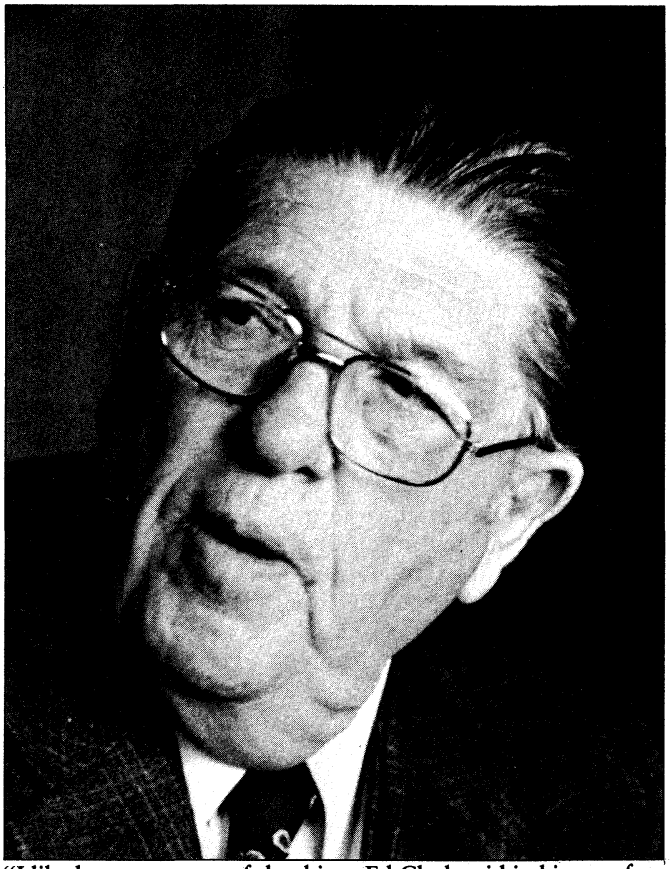
"A strong third party would be a great help, and the Libertarian Party has the best set of principles I've seen."



"I liked a great many of the things Ed Clark said in his race for Governor of California. I think he ran a terrific campaign."

Instead of providing education, the public schools are a manufacturing establishment for permanent welfare recipients.

LR: Another area of government expenditure which some critics feel could be trimmed down or even eliminated is funds earmarked for enforcing morals laws. It's been estimated that as much as 80 percent of the money spend on police work in our society is spent on victimless crimes. In San Francisco, an initiative is being prepared for the local ballot which would abolish the vice squad. Do you applaud that idea as a good way to cut back on government?

Jarvis: I do not. I think the people that proposed that have rocks in their heads. I think we have to have some standards. What is vice? Vice is gambling and prostitution and drugs and pornography. I'm not in favor of any of them. I'm not so concerned about pornography except that it gets into the hands of children. I happen to think that pornography is going to rapidly die out. I think it's run it's course. I hope so. As for prostitution, I hate the profession. I think it's a degrading thing. But because it's probably the oldest profession in the world, we can probably never do anything about it. I think there is some argument whether it should be legalized or not. But I guess I'm kind of a blue nose. With my vote I wouldn't do it. I'm more opposed to gambling than I am to most things. I don't like horse race tracks. I don't like legalized gambling because legalized gambling destroys the poor. They are the victims. And the drug culture in the United States cost us $42-billion last year. But maybe my judgment on some of these is a little bit biased. I happened to grow up in the state of the Mormon Church and though I'm not a very good Mormon, I believe the standards and values that the Church instilled into the people of Utah have made it a great state, a highly educated state, a most progressive state, and a most desirable state. Maybe I'm influenced by that. I don't quarrel with anyone who has a different view. But those are my views.

LR: You've now begun calling for national tax cuts in addition to local ones. Your American Tax Reduction Movement is demanding a pretty dramatic decrease in the federal income tax.

Jarvis: I disagree with the word "dramatic." The bill we're backing calls for a $100-billion cut in federal spending in 4 years. That's $25-billion a year. But that's only five percent of the more than $500-billion the government now spends every year. I can't find a congressman or senator who says that we can't cut five percent of our spending somewhere. I think I've talked to maybe 80 senators, and 300 congressmen. That is not a dramatic cut, but it *is* about a 25 percent cut for everybody in the country.

The people of this country want a tax cut. I've been in 48 states. I know what they want. They want a tax cut. And they don't care particularly what the government thinks about it. They want a tax cut. They want a tax cut because they know now that every dime they earn in January, February, March, April, May and June until June 10th goes for taxes. And they think they are being robbed and they are. The average fellow now sees that he can't even take his wife out to dinner once a week; he can't get his kid's teeth fixed; because the government is stealing his money. So he wants a tax cut. He wants fewer governmental employees. He knows that if there is a tax cut he has to have fewer governmental employees and that's satisfactory with him. He isn't worried about losing services. The people who are paying the taxes aren't getting any services. They want to

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keep the money they earn. They're saying to the politicians and bureaucrats, "I'm more important to me than you are!" That's what it's all about.

LR: Do the people have any ideas on where they'd like national government cut back?

Jarvis: It really doesn't make any difference, and the people don't really give a damn, except for perhaps one thing. There's one thing they don't want. They don't want the defense department decreased. They want it increased.

LR: Why? It there no fat, no unnecessary bureaucracy, in the defense department?

Jarvis: There's a lot of fat; there's a lot of unnecessary bureaucracy in the defense department. But we ought to run it the best we can. It's the one major expense that we can't take many chances with. We can risk major cuts in the $268-billion in HEW, but we can't risk them in the $118-billion in national defense. The thing is, the people that determine our defense requirements are the Russians, not us. I got into an argument with a Ph.D. over that, and I said, "you want to cut the defense, and I want to raise it. Let's assume that I'm wrong; we're out $50-billion dollars a year. Let's assume that you're wrong; we're out the country. Now, what do you want?" And he couldn't answer the question.

LR: Some people, including many libertarians, have argued that since most of the U.S. defense budget goes to defend other countries, if we moved toward a noninterventionist foreigh policy we could still more than adequately defend the United States, and yet have massive reductions in the defense budget.

Jarvis: I disagree.

LR: How do you feel about the move to pass a constitutional amendment to balance the federal budget?

Jarvis: I think it's crazy. A balanced budget doesn't necessarily mean any cut in taxes. If they're spending $100-billion this year, they can balance the budget by collecting new taxes and bringing in $100-billion. Next year they can decide to spend $200-billion and raise the taxes again so they can collect $200-billion. The people in this country want a tax cut.

In the second place, I think it would be ten years at least before you could get any federal constitutional amendment into effect in the United States, and we can't wait that long. We've got to do something sooner. Only in the event that we can't force the Congress to do what it ought to do should we go for a federal constitutional amendment.

LR: Some of the organizations which have sprung up in the wake of the tax revolt seem to see the situation as you do. The National Taxpayers Union, for example, throws its weight behind any plan which would result in reduction of taxes.

Jarvis: I'm for the National Taxpayers Union. The only disagreement I have with them in on the question of a constitutional convention for a balanced budget.

LR: How about the National Tax Limitation Committee, which takes a strikingly different approach? They aren't really calling for sharp tax reductions at all, but are trying instead to limit government spending to its current percentage of personal income.

Jarvis: I'm not interested in the National Tax Limitation Committee. I'm not interested in them at all. What they want to do is *keep* you and I working every January, February, March, April and June 'til the 10th in order to pay taxes. This country cannot survive free under that condition. Tax *cuts* are what we have to have.

LR: Do you think our best hope of winning those tax cuts lies with the Republican party or the Democratic party?

Jarvis: There's really no such thing as a Democratic or Republican party any longer in the United States. Only one-half of one percent of the Republicans participate in politics. Less than one percent of the Democrats participate. And the elections are a contest between the National Federation of Republican Women and the AFL-CIO. I think a strong third party would be a great help to the country.

LR: Do you think the Libertarian Party has the potential to become such a strong party?

Jarvis: Yes. I think they have the best set of principles I've seen in a long time. I think they're very nicely in line with the Constitution of the United States. I've just read Murray Rothbard's *For a New Liberty*, and I agree with a great deal of it.

LR: Ed Clark's race as the Libertarian Party candidate for the governorship of California last fall won him almost 400,000 votes and was the most successful third party race for that office in more than a generation.

Jarvis: I thought Ed Clark ran a terrific campaign, especially when you consider the mountain he was up against. When you think of the entrenchment of the people in public office, both Democrats and Republicans, when you think of the enormous advantages they have over any outsider, when you think of the pork barrels and the tax money that they can use to improperly affect their elections, Clark ran a fantastic race. I like many of the things he said.

LR: Do you think that either the Democratic or Republican nominees for the Presidency of the United States in 1980 are going to endorse the American Tax Reduction Movement?

Jarvis: Well, it's generally a bit stupid to try to predict a political scenario, but I think that the nominees for the Democrats are going to be Carter and Brown. I think that the nominees for the Republicans are going to be Reagan and Connolly. I think we'd have a chance to get more help from Reagan and Connolly than from Carter and Brown.

LR: If you got no support from the Democrats and only wishy-washy support from the Republicans, as you did in California during the Proposition 13 campaign, and firm, all-out support from the Libertarian candidates, would that have an effect on the American Tax Reduction Movement's favorite for the Presidency?

Jarvis: It's a tough question, but yes, because I'm a maverick. ❑

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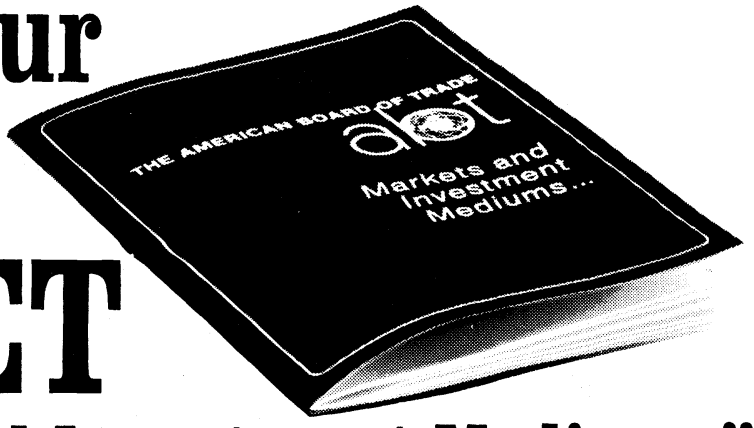

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Winning The Sweepstakes, Beating The Taxman: The Story Of Frank McNulty

MARSHALL E. SCHWARTZ

Frank McNulty shook his head sadly. "It's shameful to say," he lamented, "but if we've got freedom, I don't know where in the hell it's at. I wouldn't know where to go look for it."

McNulty should know better than most people how vulnerable our remaining freedoms are at the hands of a greedy and capricious State: He has just finished serving more than four years in federal prisons for refusing to pay taxes on the $128,000 he won in the Irish Sweepstakes in March 1973. Although he never brought his winnings into the United States—he went to Dublin himself to collect the money in Irish pounds, and then deposited the bulk of it in a bank on the Channel Island of Jersey—he served 44 months for income tax evasion plus another five-and-a-half months on a contempt of court charge. His act of contempt? Refusing to obey a court order to bring the money in to this country so the I.R.S. could collect the $70,000 or so in taxes it claimed as its due.

But the 67-year-old former machinist didn't lose any of his fighting spirit during his long ordeal at the hands of the I.R.S. He's currently staying at the home of a television newsman in San Jose, California, writing a book about his battle. And now he feels he's got the I.R.S. where *he* wants *them*. "I could have caused all kinds of trouble when I first went to prison," he explained, "and gotten all kinds of publicity if I'd wanted it, but I didn't want it then—the timing wasn't right. Now, I've got 'em hooked. I've got a claim against them, and they know it. I let them make a political prisoner out of me for quite some time, but now they're in trouble." The sparkle in his eyes as he spoke made him look more like a balding, overweight leprechaun than like the new folk hero of the tax resistance movement.

At 5'3" and 200 or so pounds, this grandfather of seven doesn't look like a lot of things that he actually is: someone who receives letters from former Nixon aide Chuck Colson (whom he met in prison), Christmas cards from attorney Melvin Belli, itineraries from antitax crusaders, and bundles of information from Howard Jarvis; someone who has written legal documents for perhaps a score of fellow prisoners—many of which resulted in reduced sentences; someone who, on occasion, used to sit and talk about taxation and the role of government with the late libertarian antitax activist Karl Bray; someone who, when he thought the younger generation was in the right, would avidly join their protests in Berkeley and Oakland.

So perhaps the I.R.S. thought they had a straightforward case on their hands when they took on Frank McNulty. They were to find out differently. "I bet if you called one of them and asked them," McNulty declared, "they're damn sorry they ever fooled with me. And they're going to be a lot sorrier before it's over with. I've got something in store for them that's gonna knock them right out of the box."

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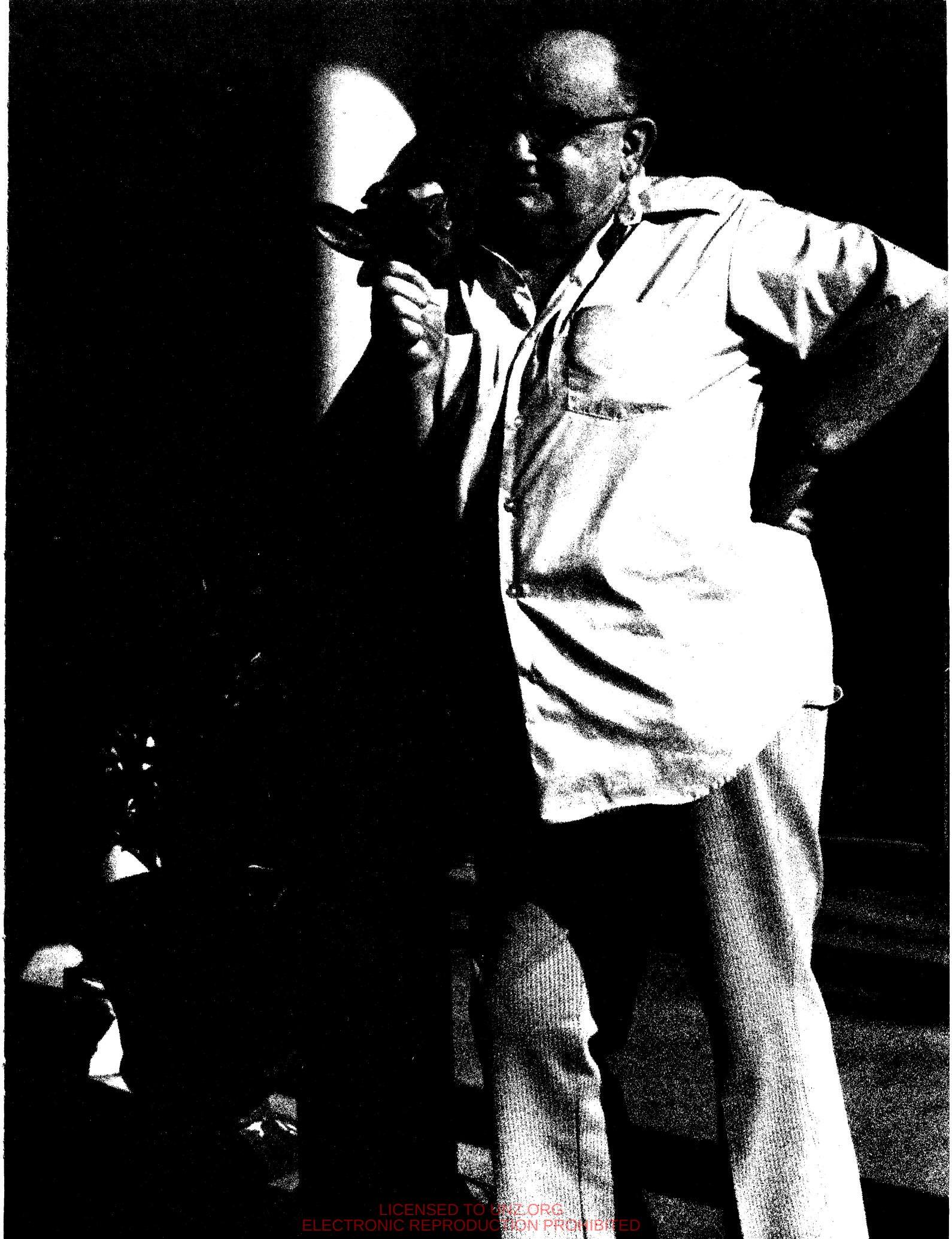

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Winning the Irish Sweepstakes

The whole thing began back in March 1973 when McNulty was notified by telegram that he had won the jackpot in the Irish Sweepstakes—thanks to a $3.25 ticket he, along with millions of other Americans, had bought illegally on the race. With a friend (who later testified for the prosecution in his tax evasion trial) he went to Dublin to pick up his winnings, and immediately deposited most of the $128,000 in a bank on the Isle of Jersey—where banking secrecy is among the strictest in the world. Then, after a short jaunt to celebrate his luck, he returned to his Oakland home.

But his luck was already dwindling. Nosy neighbors, surprised by his sudden disappearance, had notified newspapers of his absence, and the I.R.S. was alertly waiting. But it took nearly two more years—until January 29, 1975—before he was "kidnapped" (the only term McNulty uses to describe his abduction by federal officers) from his apartment, where he was sitting at his kitchen table eating peanuts. In the meantime, he had been living off his monthly disability payments from the government. (McNulty has a history of accidents and illnesses dating back to an injury he suffered diving off a bridge while in the Army during World War II.)

From there on, things only got worse. "From the day they kidnapped me," McNulty declared, "I never saw a breath of fresh air. They held all kinds of courts on me at different times—they violated every law in the book, every rule, every standard, every general procedure, everything. They violated everything. They can't get away with it."

More bad luck was in store when Federal Judge Luther Youngdahl was appointed to handle the case. Youngdahl, a former three-time governor of Minnesota, had wheeled his way into his lifetime sinecure because he was a power in Republican politics. Maybe Youngdahl is one reason McNulty has such a low opinion of judges in general: "Most of them are insanely drunk with power. When you watch one of them as he walks to the bench, he staggers like he's got a million tons of coal on his shoulders."

On St. Patrick's Day, his trial began. And one day before Tax Day and two days after he was convicted of tax evasion, he was sentenced, Youngdahl imposing the maximum prison term, although he did not levy a possible $10,000 fine.

With credit for time served before sentencing, McNulty's 44 months should have been completed last October 6. But the I.R.S. and the Justice Department had other plans in mind. On October 2, 1978, he appeared again in court, before U.S. District Judge Alfonso Zirpoli. After McNulty refused to obey Zirpoli's order to bring the money into this country so the I.R.S. could get its hands on it, the judge declared McNulty's act to be "a clear and deliberate act of civil contempt," and sent him back to jail on contempt charges—adding that the additional jail sentence "is not to punish but to compel compliance with a court order." Steadfastly, McNulty refused to comply that day—and did so again before Zirpoli on November 15, and again on January 17, 1979.

Finally, his perseverance was rewarded on March 13 when Zirpoli announced he was setting the feisty Irishman free because it had become obvious that McNulty could not be forced to pay by keeping him in jail. "In short," Zirpoli explained, "the ends of justice will no longer be constructively served by your continued incarceration"—a statement based on a rather faulty assumption to begin with.

So the day before St. Patrick's Day—almost four years to the day from the start of his trial, and almost six years from the time he received that fateful telegram from Ireland—Frank McNulty walked out of jail a free man.

An antitax activist is born

Right now, McNulty is probably fighting harder than he did at any time during his 49 months and 16 days in prison. Never one to respect authority just for authority's sake, his four years in jail has further reinforced his views.

"Tax evasion?" he exclaimed, his eyes widening almost to saucer size. "What I consider tax evasion is when they retire federal judges on a sixty or seventy thousand dollar a year tax-free pension. And also a man like Nixon—now, I don't know how much he got, but that liar got all kinds of money, and they changed his pension three or four times. That makes you stop and think a little bit. We've got bankers in this country that don't pay a bit of tax."

As for the IRS, "I don't care how powerful they say they are, they're not that powerful. They're powerful as long as they can abuse you, throw you in their stinking prisons. But as long as you don't give in to their whims, then eventually they get exposed. But they see they've got the average person scared to death. That's how they break him down and get going. Well, it's lucky that I was tough enough that I lived through it and I made it. I've been asked would I do it again—I would have to answer yes. But if it was worth it . . . if you have principles like I do, you'd probably have to say, 'Yes, it's worth it.' But in the long run, when you get to thinking about it, you wonder just how low-down and how rotten can the authorities possibly get . . . I would just as soon never put that agency's name in my mouth again."

But it's not just the I.R.S., or the prison system, or the Justice Department—at whose hands he suffered so long—that piques McNulty's interest these days, when he's not busy committing his experiences to paper. Take inflation and U.S. monetary policy:

"It's a shame when they have to close the Treasury Department to readjust the national debt and set it high enough, because they figure they're going to throw away some more of the taxpayers' money . . . There's no end to it. And now it's beginning to be obvious, and something's got to be done, something's got to give. The younger people are more awake than the older ones—the old, hard-core ones. They've robbed them so long, they've kicked them in the seat of the pants until they've kind of got used to it. But the younger ones aren't going to hold still for it. . . . You make a $400 or $500 paycheck, and the government takes $289 out for taxes. That's the way its going . . . The first thing I'd like to see them do is do away with the Federal Reserve System, the whole, goddam, corrupt, rotten business. That was one of the worst things that ever happened to this country. Fact is, I would say that put this country on the road to ruin."

If that's the case, should government get its hands out of the monetary system entirely? "Well, I would put a yes on that," McNulty replied. "They've proven that they're thieves and outlaws in the past."

Other governmental changes suggested by McNulty included limiting the presidency to one four-year term. "If they can't get anything done in four years, they should get out and give someone else a chance. Maybe eventually you'll find someone who knows how to run a government. We've had a bunch of dropouts trying to run the country ever since

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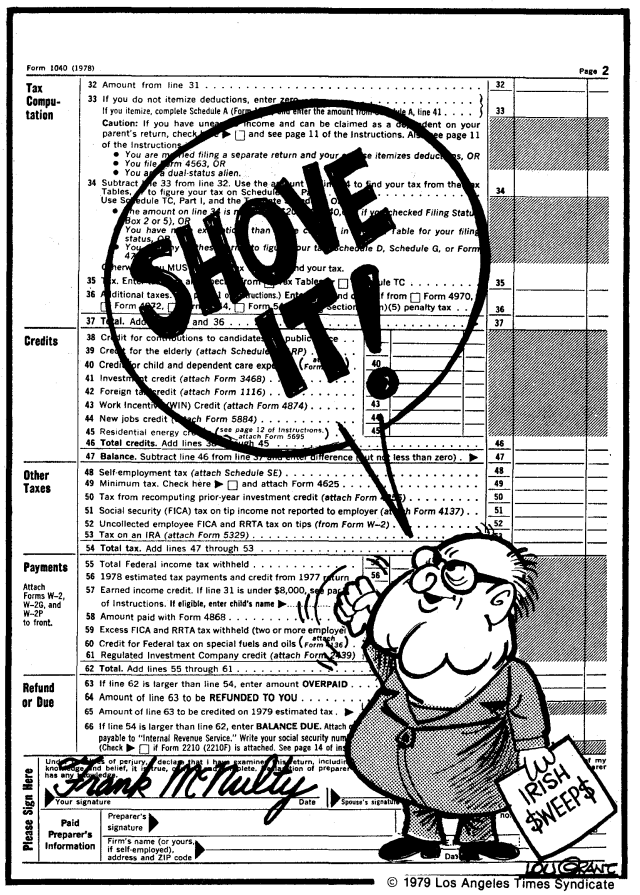
I can remember." Perhaps that observation has a more universal implication—perhaps *no one* can run a country well, because when you try to "run" *any* country—or state, or city—the very nature of your actions, your *interventions*, prevent it from running "well."

While any libertarian would agree wholeheartedly with McNulty's various views, most Americans still accede to taxation and money manipulation without complaint. Why? "They're taught this from the ground up—they're taught this from little children on up. I call it brainwashed. They're brainwashed into the system," he declared.

But McNulty wasn't "brainwashed into the system." Nor were many of his friends in prison. Consider his encounters with Karl Bray—a founder of the Utah Libertarian Party, a speaker at many LP functions, a Libertarian candidate for Congress in 1974, and author of *Taxation and Tyranny*, who died last year at age 34 of cancer—at the Terminal Island prison.

"He was a good friend of mine," McNulty remembered. "He got out and he came back again. Karl's thinking and mine were altogether different. . . . I don't say that I disagreed with him, but he came up with things that I'd have to research, because he was farther down the road than I am. He put some things to me, like if I had to take over a country, what would I use for law and order and other things? It's pretty hard to give a conclusion on something like that unless you had it pretty well thought out . . .

"He was one of the smarter guys I ever talked to. But Karl was in a position where he didn't have too much time—he was fighting his own case, and (the officials) were messing with him in prison. So the only times we talked were sometimes when we'd be doing some research in the law library or at lunch."



Notes on prison life

McNulty's most pointed comments, however, have been reserved for that aspect of naked state power with which he has had the most direct experience: the prison system and its ancillary operations.

His complaints cover a spectrum of ills, and run from before he was sentenced until after he was released. His personal papers, which should have been returned to him from the federal prison hospital in Springfield, Missouri, when his official sentence expired last October, were reportedly not sent on until March 5—and they haven't turned up yet.

On Crime and Imprisonment: "I would say a lot of" the prisoners he met had not committed crimes to his way of thinking. "I would say 60 percent of them don't even belong there (in jail). It's nonsense."

On Challenging the System: He once sent a letter containing 35 points on what he felt was wrong with the prison system to the Federal Bureau of Prisons. "They sent it back and said, 'You tell McNulty that it's prisoners like him we're going to keep in prison the rest of their natural lives.'"

On Slave Labor: "When I first went to prison, I made damn sure that I got medically unassigned (for work in prison) by a certified doctor. . . . In fact, when the doctor was making out the papers, he said, 'You didn't come here to participate in any slave labor, did you, Mr. McNulty?' 'Absolutely not,' I replied."

On Involuntary Testing for Drugs: On one occasion, McNulty told an individual who gathered urine samples from prisoners to test for the presence of various drugs "If he ever tried to pull anything like that on me I'd run his ass right out of there in a hurry. He said, 'Oh, we know you're a clean man, Mr. McNulty.' I said, 'Whether I'm clean or not, I'm at home. I don't go for that stuff—that's invading a man's privacy to no end."

On Psychological Testing of Prisoners: After sitting and watching a prison psychologist drawing lines, in triangular patterns, on one sheet of paper, and then—upon request—duplicating the scribbles on another, he told the psychologist, "You're all nuts. The whole damn bunch of you are lunatics."

On Prison Tours: If officials wanted a prisoner to be "lost" so no one could reach him or find him, he'd be sent on a "tour," McNulty declared. "I was on two tours like that. . . . They could send a prisoner from Springfield to Lewisburg (two federal facilities), and they'd be four-five months getting to Lewisburg. Take him down to Texas, maybe, for a couple of months, then put him on a bus and backtrack him all around."

On Man's Inhumanity to Man: Shortly after he was first arrested, on February 9, 1975 his daughter-in-law called the jail "and told them that my son had unexpectedly passed away. Well, the sheriffs, they didn't believe her, and made fun of her, and made kind of a fool of her. And then she had her brother call them, and they still wouldn't accept it. So on the 10th (my lawyer) comes over and tells me the bad news. So then the sheriff's people bust ass to tell me and apologize for not letting me know the day before. But that don't do any good because, with something like that, God accepts no replacements anyway, you know."

McNulty's most copious flow of accusations and tales of horror, told with amazing good humor, concerns prison medicine—or what masquerades as such. "In army hospitals and in prison, I never did seem to run into a good doctor," McNulty recalled sadly. "All of these prison doctors, they're real lunatics. The ones that aren't are

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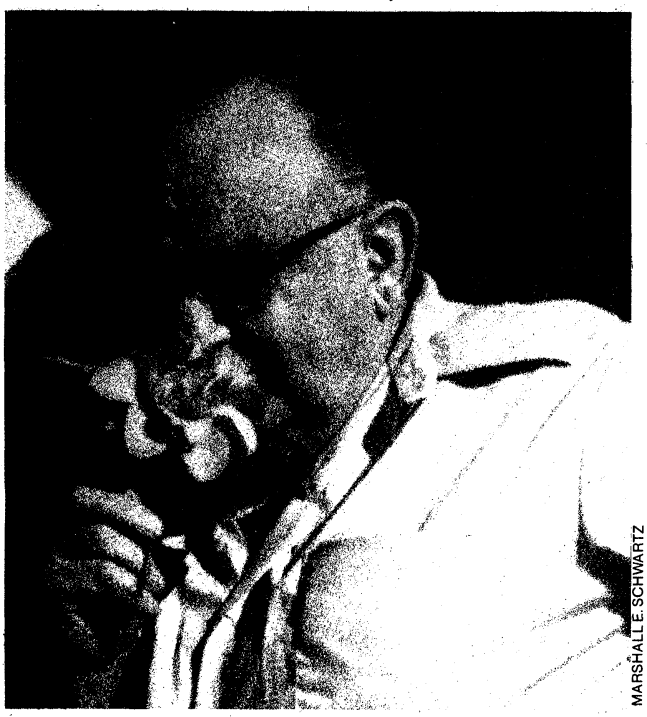
borderline lunatics. I never run into so much crap in my life." His rich repertoire of anecdotes bear out his accusations, as does what he was told recently by a doctor at San Francisco County Jail—the only prison in which he received good medical care.

"A young doctor for [the] Kaiser [Hospital and Medical Plan] who puts in a little time at the jail said, 'Mr. McNulty, if you hadn't arrived here when you did, two more months of the treatment you were in—you wouldn't have been around to tell about it.' That kind of floored me, although I knew I was in bad shape. I was overmedicated, eight or nine pills, three or four times a day. They had me all drugged up and medicated. I couldn't hardly breathe. I was in bad shape; fluid was backed up in me."

That was not the worst assault McNulty's system took while undergoing what is incongruously referred to as "medical treatment" in prison. At a Federal prison on the west coast, he had the misfortune to receive dental "care."



MARSHALL E. SCHWARTZ

"This bastard stole all the gold out of my mouth," McNulty charged. "He stole the gold bridges on both sides of my mouth. He was drilling down into my roots and he drilled too deep and got into my jawbone. So my jawbone was infected, and I had this lump in the bottom of my mouth for three years." Later, at another federal prison, he was at first unable to get treatment for the problems caused by the first dentist. So he sought help from an inmate dentist (serving time on drug charges). But when, after ponying up 12 cartons of cigarettes as his fee, he met the prisoner in the tunnels, "he comes running by me three or four yards and drops dead! The report was that he was overdosed on barbiturates."

Later two partial plates were made for him. When they arrived, a doctor inserted them despite McNulty's insistence that they didn't feel right. But the bottom plate had been jammed on top of a bone spur (created by the Gold Thief), and when McNulty got on the elevator to go back to his cell, "I started getting the dry heaves. . . . I was down on the floor of the elevator, going up three floors, and everybody else on the elevator thought I was crazy," McNulty shook with laughter. "And all the time I'm digging in my mouth trying to get this crap out."

When his infected mouth finally was examined carefully, McNulty was told the remaining teeth in his lower jaw had to come out. But the infection, caused by the first dentist, was still so potent it took a six-month course of penicillin treatments to eliminate it before the teeth could be pulled.

But even this couldn't make a dent in McNulty's resistance. "I'm too old to let a bunch of damn fools throw me in prison like they did," he asserted. "They haven't gotten away with it yet—they think they have, but they haven't gotten away with nothing." Just as he hasn't cooperated with the I.R.S., and didn't cooperate with prison officials' regimentation efforts, McNulty isn't responding to his parole officer in the traditional, subservient fashion. Instead of reporting in himself, McNulty has managed to cajole his parole officer into coming out to visit him. "Parole—" he snorted, "controlled action, that's what it is."

After all this, what advice would he offer his grandchildren were they to find themselves in a confrontation with the I.R.S.? "I'd tell them to go to some country where it's tax-free and try to survive there," McNulty replied. "But I wouldn't worry too much about that, because I look for a drastic change in this country. I think the whole system's going to collapse. A lot of people don't believe me, but you know, when it went down in England, it went down in a hurry. It's got to change. They're bringing it on themselves, and it's coming on pretty fast now."

Immortality in the Lord Nelson

If you walked down San Francisco's Sutter Street too quickly, you'd probably never see The Lord Nelson. The English-style pub (one of the leading hang-outs for dart throwers in the Bay Area) can be distinguished only by a small, handpainted sign bearing a likeness of the famous admiral hanging from its brick facade. Inside, you'd find a new addition to the decor sitting behind the bar (and right in front of the Oxford English Dictionary and several other reference works used frequently to resolve arguments among patrons): a portrait of Frank McNulty in his orange prison jumpsuit, painted and brought into the pub by a former Los Angeles policeman living in the Bay Area.

McNulty's smiling face is a fitting addition to the five dart boards, one ping-pong table, the tree trunk running from floor to ceiling that makes more than a foot of prime elbow space at the bar rather uncomfortable, and the small wallstand displaying several dozen issues of *Punch*. He's been a friend of owner Sam Hill, a transplanted Liverpudlian, for some 20 years, even helped him build his original pub across the bay in Oakland.

"We still have to get it framed," remarked Dick Dobbins, a bearded ex-Bostonian who is Hill's partner. He recalled the scene in the pub just hours after McNulty's release from prison in March, when he, Hill, McNulty, McNulty's attorney, and several others were sitting behind closed doors sipping Irish coffees. All that the sweepstakes winner could talk about was his coming legal and literary campaign against the government to balance the scales. "He's some fighter," Dobbins added.

"This one man took on the most powerful government in the world—and he won," Hill grinned, "Isn't it great?" ❑

LR Contributing Editor Marshall E. Schwartz is a longtime San Francisco Bay Area journalist, whose career has included stints as editor of the *Stanford Daily*, reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and managing editor of *Inquiry*.

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Warding Off The Great Unwashed:

WASHINGTON VS. BALANCE-THE-BUDGET

WILLIAM D. BURT

An aide to the U.S. House of Representative's Democratic leadership calls it "a good way to get a fat lip real fast." One congressman is so angered by it that he's written Arizona governor Bruce Babbitt in tones Babbitt complains were "just dripping in poison." Senators Lloyd Bentsen, Edmund Muskie, and Robert Byrd have chimed in to threaten darkly the end of federal revenue sharing programs to all who support it, and Senator Edward Kennedy has labeled it "an ominous development for the nation . . . a serious threat to the integrity of the Constitution."

House minority leader John Rhodes says that the way to alleviate concern over the issue is to elect a Republican Congress, but a national policy conference of Republican leaders has carefully avoided taking a stand when pressed on it. House Judiciary Committee chairman Peter Rodino says he hopes "that the people in the states . . . pause, knowing that a responsible committee of Congress is looking into the matter." California governor Jerry Brown has journeyed to Washington to plug for it, but an anonymous California congressman says gleefully that the state's congressional delegation "kicked the hell out of him when he got there."

"A good way to get a fat lip." "Kick the hell out of him." Such words have always peppered a certain percentage of the mail sent to politicians by taxpayers who have reached their wits' end. But all of a sudden, the politicians are sending it back. After years of hearing about public contempt for government, more than a few elected representatives now seem to be saying that the feeling's mutual.

Nor is this petulance confined to Washington, D.C. At recent hearings held in the California Assembly, some members grew openly impatient with the long parade of witnesses. Fits of pique sent pencils flying as witnesses spoke. Politicians took open pleasure in baiting speakers, dismissing their answers and putting words in their mouths.

The object of all this vituperation is the accelerating drive for a constitutional amendment requiring the federal government to halt inflationary deficit spending. Initiated in 1975 by the National Taxpayers Union, a 100,000-member Washington based organization dedicated to cutting taxes and government spending, the "balance-the-budget" campaign has picked up support from 30 state legislatures for a resolution to require a balanced budget amendment drawn up by Congress, or, failing that, by a constitutional convention. The Constitution's Article Five commands Congress to convene such a constitutional convention when 34 states make the call—an event which could occur by late 1979, according to NTU balance-the-budget director George Snyder.

Indicating broad public support for the amendment proposal are three polls taken in early 1979 by Gallup, the New York Times/CBS News, and the Associated Press/NBC News. Upwards of 70 percent in each poll supported the

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proposal, and the New York Times/CBS News pollsters commented that "the proposed budget-balancing amendment had a remarkably uniform level of support across the country, and demographically." Interestingly, Gallup found support for the amendment to be 95 *percent* if provisions were to be made for emergency expenditures; all the state legislatures' resolutions do in fact include such provisions.

Most taxpayers approach the issue in a common-sense manner. They know that as individuals they cannot live beyond their means, at least for very long. Then they look at twenty years' worth of ever-ballooning federal deficits. Peering through the cloud of dust kicked up by the government's stable of sympathetic economists (Paul Samuelson, for example, who belittles the analogy between household and government budgets as "the fallacy of composition"), many taxpayers correctly surmise that these deficits are the engine of inflation and economic stagnation. And they are further convinced that Congress will not restrain itself—hence the massive support for a constitutional amendment.

The widespread acceptance of these insights has, more than anything else, *focused* concern over inflation into a protest against the real villains of the piece. The public's demand for a balanced budget is a demand for an end to servitude, pure and simple. It is a mandate for an end to inflation fueled by government borrowing, and a plea to loosen the chains of oppressive taxation. It is a hope that by restoring some sanity to this country's finances, we can again cherish the possibility of a better life. It is a fundamental change in the political debate, one which strikes at the assumption that society is to produce while government is to consume. And this is why Congress is fiercely trying to ward off the balanced budget drive.

The Carter task force directs the opposition

The Carter administration has been less vocal but equally determined to stop the balanced budget amendment. The man who campaigned for the Presidency on a promise to balance the budget appointed a high-level White House task force in early March to bring pressure against state legislatures thought most likely to endorse NTU's resolution. The White House unit has coordinated its lobbying with the congressional leadership, and participated in sponsoring a front group known as "Citizens for the Constitution" headed by Massachusetts lieutenant governor Tom O'Neill, son of U.S. House Speaker "Tip" O'Neill. Office of Management and Budget officials have cooperated with Vice President Mondale's and President Carter's staffs in recruiting state officials and private interests to clamor against the balanced budget drive. At the request of White House staffer Tim Kraft, Harvard University law professor Lawrence Tribe has submitted a 23-page memorandum of legal and political arguments opposing the amendment; and Tribe, along with a parade of other academics who have volunteered their services to the beleaguered government, has been dispatched to testify before state legislatures.

It is clear that Carter opposes both the constitutional convention and the amendment itself, notwithstanding his once-upon-a-time commitment to fiscal integrity. White House task force chief Richard Moe has told reporters that the President has given his staffers a "clear mandate" to attack the convention as a "nightmare" and the balanced budget amendment as a fearful specter which "presents serious dangers to our economic, social, and political system."

But this contempt for the public is nothing compared to the sustained, derisive, and irresponsible attack upon the balanced budget drive by advocacy groups once thought to represent large segments of the public. Constituents of the traditional spending lobbies are invariably assumed to be beneficiaries, rather than victims, of inflation, and opponents of the amendment have struggled mightily to keep the old social hatreds burning.

For example, the 88 percent of union families who support the balanced budget amendment now find themselves being derided by AFL-CIO spokesmen as misguided patsies of big business manipulation. The NAACP's Virna Canson describes voter acceptance of the amendment as "ignorant"—despite 78 percent support among nonwhite families—and she goes on to patronizingly attribute the appeal of the balanced budget idea to an "illusion" fostered by "blatant political ambitions, vested economic interests, elitism, greed," and, of course, most of all, "racism." Major metropolitan newspapers have clung to their perch as inveterate obfuscators of important issues, disdaining the balanced budget as a "simplistic solution" and lecturing the unenlightened as to inflation's "diverse" causes. The *Los Angeles Times*, for example, sniffs that "one message on taxes from California to the rest of the nation is enough" and characterizes an amendment to require fiscal integrity as "mathematical graffiti at the bottom of the [Constitution]." Other papers have published editorials such as the one by Common Cause's David Cohen, flippantly entitled, "A Constitutional Convention? You Must Be Crazy!"

All in all, America's politicians and their hangers-on have treated the public to a monumental display of arrogance and contempt. Those who rule literally do not seem to comprehend that no, *the taxpayer is not crazy.* Not being able to afford hamburger or buy a house is no joke to the millions of lower- and middle-income families now ravaged by inflation and taxes.

Is the Balanced Budget Amendment the right answer?

Amid all the hysterics lie some substantive issues which have concerned thoughtful observers of the balanced budget campaign. Many of these are central, strategic questions: *First, why all the concern with budget-balancing? Why not spending limitations (a la Milton Friedman)? Why not tax cuts (a la Howard Jarvis)? Why not denationalization of money (a la Fredrich Hayek)?* Few would disagree that spending cuts, tax cuts, and an end to fiat money would contribute to the liberation of the economy from government manipulation. Indeed, one may venture that *if* all these measures were in effect, a balanced budget would be far less important than it is now. But the difficulties are these: The public cannot seem to obtain spending cuts of any real magnitude unless Congress' hand is forced by constitutional restraint. The popularity of the Kemp-Roth bill suggests the possibility of obtaining tax cuts, but as long as Congress has access to its money machine, the foregone taxes will only be "invisibly" re-imposed via inflation. Finally, denationalization of money seems nowhere near becoming a political reality; that would require a substantially greater public awareness of the intricacies of government finance than we now have.

In this context, balancing the federal budget is the best available means for ending inflation. If Congress is going to

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hold onto its power to create money, then society can at least limit its power to create the debt which is going to hold onto its power to create the debt which is to be financed by newly-created money.

A balanced budget can then be used as the essential lever for obtaining true tax and spending cuts. The balanced budget requirement by its very nature introduces an element of intellectual honesty into fiscal policy debates which increases the attractiveness of tax and spending cuts. No longer must people fear that a Kemp-Roth tax cut would simply boost inflation; a tax cut would necessitate spending. cuts.

There is no evidence, on the other hand, that tax and spending cuts can be obtained without a balanced budget requirement, or that they would have any lasting influence if they were. Experience with the congressional budget process, which was established to control the recurrent deficits, demonstrates concretely that spending limitations are too complex and arcane to be politically workable. The federal government's "permanent debt ceiling," raised through various supposedly temporary adjustments from its original $400-billion to $798-billion, is due to be raised again soon—with little controversy. What is needed is some simple but non-arbitrary constraint which can be used to hold Congress accountable. The balanced budget fills the bill.

But couldn't a balanced budget be the cause of higher taxes? No. As Milton Friedman has emphasized, the true measure of taxation is spending, or in other words the sum of explicitly levies taxes and the "implicit" taxes levied through creation of new dollars. Since a balanced budget does not, to say the least, command increased spending, there is no way that a balanced budget requirement could increase this total real tax burden. Congress might choose at any time, as it can choose now, to raise explicitly levied taxes. The reason it does not do so at the present time is that the politicians know they have pushed taxes about as high as the public will stand. In the private business world prices are a function of what the customer is willing to pay, not of the businessman's need for more revenue. The same is true of government. By cutting off the opportunity to create debt, the balanced budget requirement increases politicians' perceived need for increased revenue from alternative sources such as explicitly levied taxes, but *does nothing to*

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increase the willingness of the taxpayer to pay. Politicians, who are expert in making these calculations, have to date religiously avoided talking about punishing the public with increased taxes, even as Washington's campaign of vilifying the balanced budget amendment goes on.

Why a constitutional amendment and convention? By opening the Constitution to this statement of fiscal policy, do we not invite others to endanger the Bill of Rights to gratify their political aims? Couldn't a convention run amok, exposing our cherished freedoms to attack? If, as the *Los Angeles Times* alleges, an amendment to require an end to deficit spending is a bit of "mathematical graffiti at the bottom of the Constitution," then what about the much-loved Sixteenth Amendment, authorizing income taxes? The balanced budget amendment responds not to a minor issue of fiscal policy, but instead to what National Taxpayers Union chairman James Dale Davidson has described as a "structural" problem in American politics: it places an important "check and balance" in the way of the spending lobbies who have run rampant over fiscal integrity in the last few decades. It ameliorates a fundamental flaw in the American political system, and therefore represents far more than an attempt to settle some political squabble over the ends of government.

The present reaction from Washington demonstrates that a constitutional convention is an absolutely necessary "big stick" to wield against recalcitrant politicians. Under threat of a convention, Congress might draw up and submit a balanced-budget amendment. If not, the Constitution gives the people the power to force Congress to call the convention.

There is no guarantee that a convention will not run amok. Nor is there any guarantee that Congress will not run amok. In fact, Congress *is* running amok. While critics like Common Cause's David Cohen fiddle on that the convention route "raises dozens of . . . questions" and warn that "litigation could be endless," *Rome burns*. The runaway federal juggernaut, to reiterate, confronts the American people with a *clear and present danger*, not only to our Constitution but to our continued existence as a free and productive society—a danger surely as real as any prospective constitutional convention. There are few things on earth more ill-considered and disruptive than the way government spends money. While Common Cause accuses state legislators of acting "chaotically" to approve balance-the-budget resolutions, Congress *chaotically* prepares to pile on another $96-billion to the federal government's oft-violated debt "ceiling."

Many constitutional scholars disagree with Cohen and point to factors which would tend to assure an orderly, limited convention. Many of these factors are noted in an excellent study completed by the American Bar Association in 1974, entitled *Amendment of the Constitution by the Convention Method Under Article V*.

First, most constitutional scholars are agreed that the likeliest method for selecting delegates to the constitutional convention would be to follow the same apportionment used to select Congress itself. For better or worse, this tends to assure that delegates will reflect the present political makeup of this country. One may look at this establishment and ask if it is likely to support the kind of wholesale attack on the system which convention critics claim to fear.

Second, all the resolutions passed by the state legislatures make clear that they appeal for a convention to draft an amendment for balancing the federal budget, and nothing else. The legislatures have often and loudly stressed that their resolutions become null and void should the convention seek to consider other matters.

Third, Congress must transmit any resolution from the convention to the states for ratification. In extreme situations this transmittal process can become the crux at which Congress could head off nongermane proposed amendments. An attempt by the convention to submit *only* a non-budget-balancing amendment would be rejected out of hand as blatantly violating the limited convention call. And if the convention were to add unrelated "riders" to the proposed budget amendment, it would present Congress with a ready-made excuse to ditch the entire proposal, balanced budget and all. The likeliest way the convention can guarantee a hostile Congress's cooperation in the transmittal process to prepare the proposed amendment in strict accordance with the limited convention call.

Finally, the proposed amendment must be ratified by three-quarters of the states. That 34 of these 38 states could move *at any time* to "dangerously" amend the Constitution, and have not done so, at least suggests that final ratification also assures a sober and careful consideration of any convention proposals.

Time to do something about inflation

The American people have waited patiently for solutions while enduring over two decades of inflation and ten years of literal economic stagnation. Inflation and big government have never been very far from their minds during this time, and they have considered the matter at length. They have listened while the seemingly most disinterested "citizens lobbies" propounded band-aid measures like civil service reform and sunset laws as the answer to skyrocketing prices and the even-higher tax take. They elected a President who promised balanced budgets but now battles them. It is not surprising that people have quietly and independently resolved to *do* something about a disease which threatens to rot the foundations of our society. What *is* surprising to many is the blatant political ambition, vested economic interest, elitism, and greed of those who rally around the State when citizens dare question its right to go on enriching itself at their expense. The Founding Fathers reserved Article Five and its constitutional convention for precisely such situations when rulers' interests stook allied against the interests of the ruled. The fact that nearly all the traditional interest groups urge us not to use Article Five makes perhaps the most convincing argument why we should.

Some years ago I was one of a small group of students who visited outgoing Congressman Howard Robison in his office. Robison was respected and popular in his district, but he had had it and was quitting. It was no fun anymore, he said; every time he drove up home, people who did not even know him would see his congressional license plates and make obscene gestures as they passed him on the road. Howard Robison was too decent a human being to respond in like fashion, and he quit instead.

Can we say the same of those politicians who today threaten to kick the hell out of the "ignorant" majorities who demand a constitutional convention to require a balanced federal budget—who threaten to give 30 state legislatures a collective "fat lip"? Or has statesmanship turned into a simple scratching and clawing for power?❑

William D. Burt is western director of the National Taxpayers Union.

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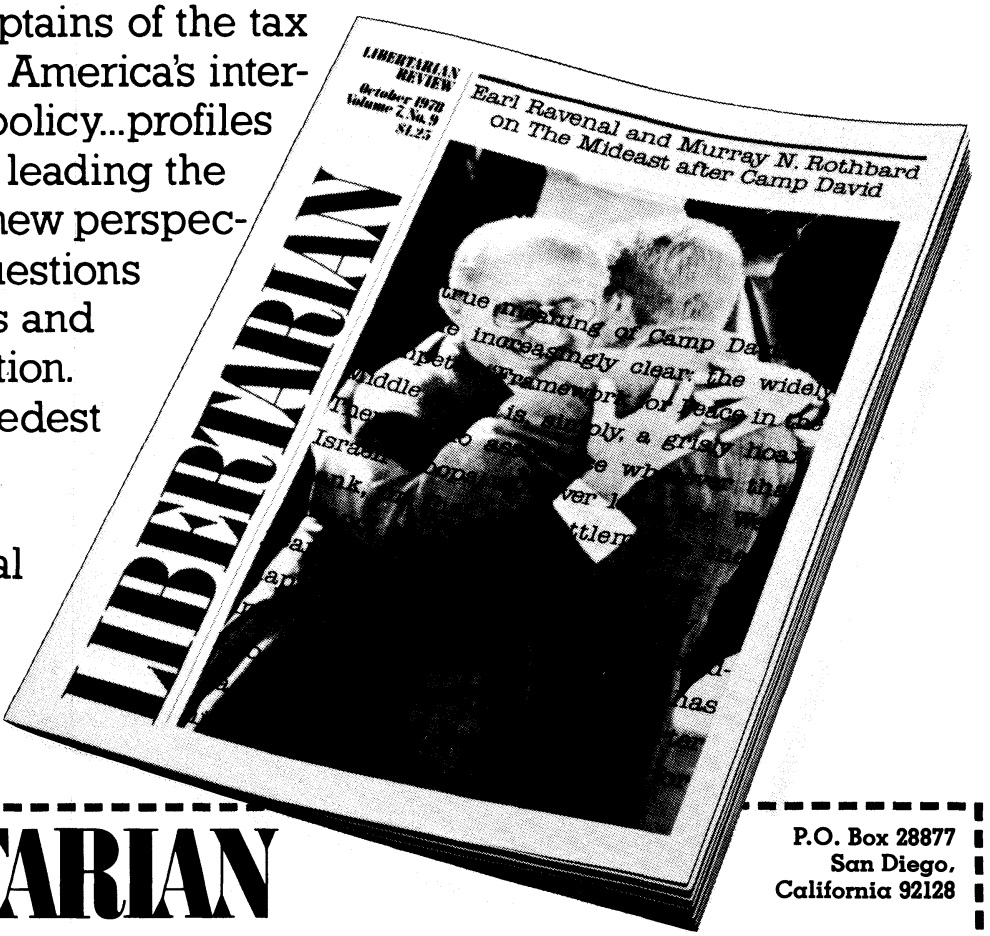

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BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Calling the kettles black

JEFF RIGGENBACH

Public Nuisances, *by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. Basic Books, 248 pp., $11.95.*

IF IMITATION IS indeed the sincerest form of flattery, then R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. has flattered H.L. Mencken more sincerely by far than any other of the Sage of Baltimore's many idolatrous fans—has flattered him more sincerely, one might venture to say, than anyone has ever before flattered a man of letters of his eminence. Such flattery is more commonly associated, after all, with the world of popular entertainment (and especially with the world of commercial television, where it has been elevated to the status of a governing principle—)and this is doubtless the reason why it is the world of popular entertainment that seems readiest to hand with comparable cases. One can search through all of American and British literature and not find Tyrrell's like, but in the world of popular entertainment he is legion. One might easily say, for example, that Tyrrell is to Mencken as the Beach Boys were to the Four Freshmen, or as Brenda Lee was to Kay Starr, or as Brook Benton was to Nat "King" Cole.

However one says it, whatever analogies one invokes, the unlovely facts of the matter remain: For more than a decade, Tyrrell has been publishing a political and cultural magazine at more or less monthly intervals and filling its pages with ersatz Menckenisms, many of them extended to full essay length, all of them (needless to say) of his own invention. He has latterly taken to calling this periodical *The American Spectator* and to making extravagant claims in the fine print at the bottom of his contents page about its being in direct line of descent from the original *American Spectator*, which was founded and edited by Mencken's long-time friend and associate, George Jean Nathan. In fact Tyrrell's *American Spectator* bears not the slightest resemblance to the original; the self-seeking pretense on its contents page is actually designed to cash in on the same dubious virtue-by-association which Tyrrell's essays are designed to tap.

And the chief means by which Tyrrell has gone about associating himself with Mencken is, of course, his style. If the style is the man, then Tyrrell must be a curious specimen indeed. One imagines a faceless dummy from a department store window somewhere in downtown Bloomington, Indiana. The dummy has taken into its head (or has been programmed, who knows?) to write. It sits down at a desk and begins studying a weighty book; perhaps it is *A Mencken Chrestomathy*; perhaps it is some heretofore unknown mammoth one volume edition of the *Prejudices*. Whatever it is, the dummy studies it assiduously, then after a time turns to a typewriter and begins. . .imitating is the only word for it. All writers learn to write by patterning their works on those of established writers they admire, by, as Stevenson put it, playing the sedulous ape to their mentors. But in this case the imitation is strikingly, almost staggeringly, literal, unimaginative, and exact. And, as Mencken himself once argued, such an imitation style is really no style at all. "The essence of a sound style," he wrote in 1926,

> is that it cannot be reduced to rules—that it is a living and breathing thing . . . that it fits its proprietor tightly and yet ever so loosely, as his skin fits him. It is, in fact, quite as securely an integral part of him as that skin is. It hardens as his arteries harden. It . . . is always the outward and visible symbol of a man, and it cannot be anything else.

It can be something else in the hands of an R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., however—or in the hands of the one figure in all of American literary history whose case may be comparable to Tyrrell's, that of J. P. Woolfolk. Woolfolk was an iconoclast from Chicago who earned himself a scandalous reputation and a handsome living during the 1930s and '40s by writing mildly pornographic novels under the penname Jack Woodford for the bustling, pre-paperback, circulating library trade. In private life Woolfolk was something of an intellectual and connoisseur of the arts (though, to be honest, there was always something in him of the crank, and in his last years this something all but took him over), and he numbered dozens of the major writers and public figures of his era among his personal friends and acquaintances. His 1962 autobiography (*The Autobiography of Jack Woodford,* New York: Doubleday, out of print) is an undiscovered treasure trove of recollections and anecdotes on figures as diverse as Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Clarence Darrow, Charlie Chaplin, James Branch Cabell, George Antheil and William Randolph Hearst. Woolfolk always regarded his own writing with unconcealed contempt, as "literary whoremongering" and as "a dubious living rearranging the 26 letters of the alphabet in various combinations." He composed his novels at enormous speed (one of them, *City Limits*, is said to have been written in three days), and with not more concentration than is mustered by the average worker on an assembly line: he frequently bragged, in his autobiographical books and in the autobiographical sections of his famous, idiosyncratic books on writing, that he could carry on intelligent conversations about completely unrelated subjects while simultaneously writing his novels. But the important thing about Woolfolk in the present connection is the approach he took to learning the trade which

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he practiced so disdainfully.

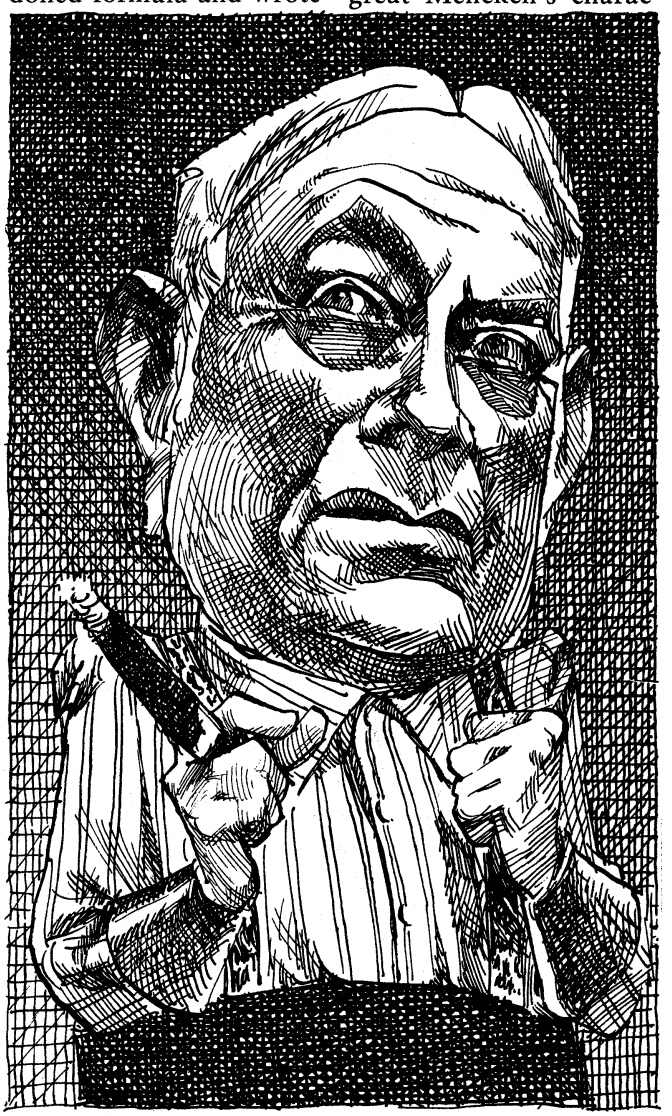
As he told the story in 1950 to magazine interviewer Hy Kellick, he was a thirty year old teller in a Federal Reserve Bank in Detroit, married and the father of a baby daughter, when he decided he had to have a new career, a new source of income, "something that would free him from his job which he hated." He decided, needless to say, to become a hack writer. That evening, on his way home from work,

> He turned into a magazine store and asked the man in charge what was the worst magazine he had in the place. He handed [him] a *Young's Magazine*. He took it home, read it from cover to cover and then he studied the shortest of the short stories in it all night.
>
> He counted the words in the story. He noted how many of those words were devoted to descriptive matter, how many to dialogue, etc. . . . He wrote out, separately, every word that described the heroine.

And when he was finished compiling and studying his lists and his sheets of formulae and calculations, he wrote a short story for *Young's Magazine* in which he devoted the prescribed number of words to the hero, the prescribed number to the heroine, the prescribed number to the setting, the prescribed number to the action—and in every case the words themselves were those prescribed by the vocabulary of the story he had chosen as his model. He made his paragraphs to order too, each one consisting of the proper number, in the proper arrangement, of simple and complex sentences, the subordinate clauses arranged just so, the adverbs and connectives in their familiar places. All according to the model.

Woolfolk succeeded with this approach. And so, apparently, has Tyrrell. He may have begun as a faceless dummy, but by taking Stevenson's admonition more literally than had ever before been thought possible, he has been gradually transformed into an unmistakable Mencken lookalike of the sort one might expect to see in a rural wax museum.

Of course, the cases of J. P. Woolfolk and R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. are different in a number of important ways. Woolfolk offered his work frankly as trash, while Tyrrell gives unmistakable evidence of taking himself and his writing with deadly seriousness. Woolfolk abandoned formula and wrote



H. L. Mencken

naturally on at least half a dozen occasions, producing books of opinion and autobiography on which his own unique personality is indelibly imprinted. Tyrrell, by comparison, has never written naturally and has never projected any personality through his work save that, sadly watered down and distorted, of his idol, the great Mencken. Even the admittedly worthless novels of Jack Woodford, tossed off during conversation at 100 words per minute, contain, here and there, fleeting reminders of the inimitable Woolfolk persona. The essays collected in *Public Nuisances,* by comparison, though they were obviously slaved over and painstakingly revised and re-revised until every last detail of the great Mencken's characteristic sentence—his adjectives, his hyperbole, his sonorous cadences—had been perfectly duplicated, contain nothing which we can say is unmistakably or inimitably Tyrrell.

One wonders, in fact, after reading these 27 monotonously similar polemics, if there any longer *is* an R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. whose persona might be expected to shine characteristically through his work, or if more than a decade of the most precise and exact imitation has left him utterly without characteristics of his own. But if there is nothing to Tyrrell's style but ersatz Mencken, perhaps there is somthing individual and unique about his ideas? Alas not. Tyrrell eschews ideas the way other writers eschew exclamation points and dangling prepositions and misplaced modifiers. And even when he is summarizing the ideas of others, he is very careful to avoid specifics. He writes of Bella Abzug, for example, that she

> would have had all Americans living like Cambodians. For her to get away with appropriating the label liberal was to make a mockery of the Truth-in-Advertising Act. She was a straightforward totalitarian, susceptible to every quibble the Marxist has with a free society, eager for every statist intrusion into the lives of private citizens, and utterly indifferent to the spreading dark age of tyranny that stalks every continent.

Yet, in seven pages devoted to this kind of ranting, Tyrrell never manages to focus on a single specific political idea for which Mrs. Abzug has plumped. Has she proposed concentration camps? An American Five Year Plan? Psychiatric incarceration of political dissidents? At the end of Tyrrell's essay we still do not know. We know only that Tyrrell doesn't like Mrs. Abzug for whatever reasons, and that he has Menckenized his dislike for publication—nothing more.

And the same is true for every one of the other essays in this book, especially the ones on "Betty Friedan and the Women of the Fevered Brow" and on "Larry Flynt: Up from the Fuzzy Toilet Seat Cover"—though it is only scarcely less true in Tyrrell's pieces on John

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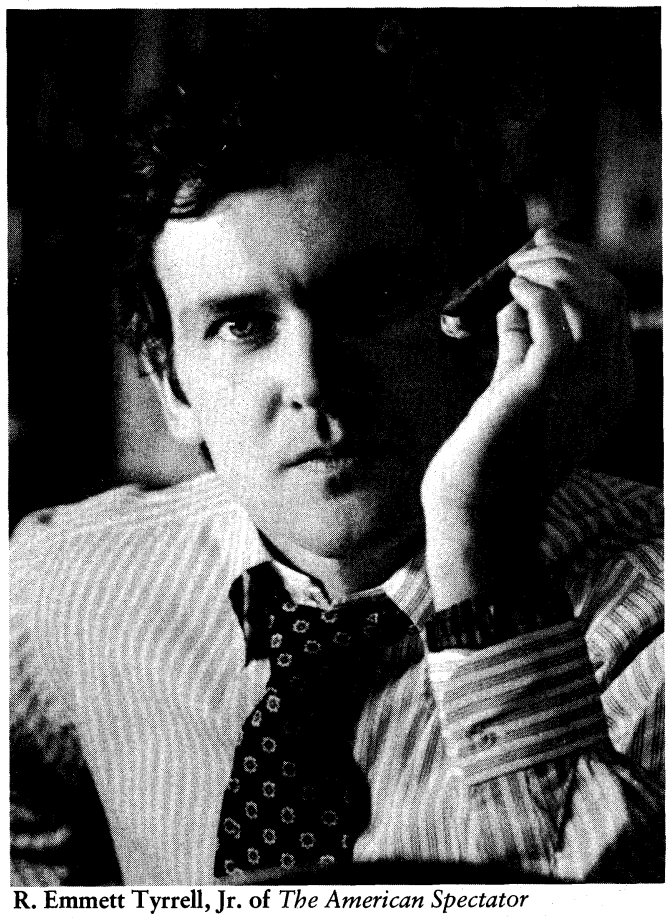
Kenneth Galbraith, Lillian Hellman, Charles Reich, Theodore H. White, Gore Vidal, Bob Dylan, Andrew Young, Ralph Nader and Henry Kissinger. Most of these folks *are* public nuisances, to be sure. But it seems the least one can expect from a political essayist that he explain *why* they are such nuisances, and that he couch his explanations in prose which is *his*, rather than in prose which is lifted from another political essayist now dead this past quarter century.

Oh, here and there, like needles of shiny brass in an odoriferous haystack, there are cleverly written passages which seem, if only briefly, to contain thoughts worth thinking and worth committing to paper. In his essay on "Richard Milhous Nixon and the Serenade in B-Flat" (he even patterns his titles after Mencken), Tyrrell writes, for example, that

> Popular journalists resort to the name Nixon to galvanize feelings that remain at rest even when the name Stalin is mentioned. The phobia Nixon stimulates in millions of American's most virtuous and enlightened citizens is impossible to exaggerate, and this seems to be true of people all over the world. From 1970 to 1975, a poll conducted by Mme. Tussaud's Waxworks found him to be among the five most hated and feared men in history. In 1975 only Field Marshal Idi Amin Dada and the late Adolph Hitler surpassed him. Count Dracula tied him, and Jack the Ripper finished a poor fifth.
> How is it that the father of Tricia and Julie has earned such disesteem? Is it for his wicked deeds: prosaic lies endlessly repeated, eavesdropping, the bombing of Cambodian progressives, the harassment of North Vietnam's liberal democrats, those brummagem uniforms he ordered for the White House guards? Surely they do not compose the *corpus delicti*. Discreditable acts they are indeed, but there must be more to the Nixon legend than this.

He is even more on the mark when, later in the same piece, he writes of the famous Woodward and Bernstein that "Their only talent as journalists was their ability to answer crank calls in the night from whom no one knows, and the boys are not telling—at least not until the price is right. Neither of these hinds has done anything remarkable since Nixon's last helicopter flight, and I contest the notion that they ever did do anything all that remarkable except hog the show right up to the last limits of the plausible."

There is nothing genuinely original here, granted.



R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. of *The American Spectator*

But there is undeniable evidence of thought, which is rare enough in writing about Watergate and almost unheard of in Tyrrell's essays. The sentences are still mechanically and formulaically Menckenesque in his piece on Watergate, but they are no longer utterly devoid of ideas. Still, skilled mimic that he is, Tyrrell should have finished the job he began when he learned to imitate Mencken's way of arranging sentences and paragraphs; he should have stolen his ideas while he was at it.

It is, in fact, one of the high ironies of the current American publishing scene (and a splendid testimonial for the doctrine that writers are no better than anyone else at knowing themselves) that Tyrrell promotes himself as an exponent of Mencken's point of view, and goes unchallenged. For Tyrrell's ideas, to the extent they may be said to exist, are the antithesis of Mencken's. Where Mencken was an historical revisionist who opposed U.S. participation in both World Wars, Tyrrell is a militarist warmonger who prattles about the Russian "military build-up" and the necessity of defending Africa and the Middle East against the Soviet menace. Where Mencken recognized, enthused over, and actively promoted the artistic and literary talent he found all around him, Tyrrell looks upon our own quite comparable age, describes it as "artistically barren", and passes on to devote several pages of the May 1979 issue of his magazine to loud hosannas on behalf of Joseph Heller, a writer who had one good book in him and who stubbornly and tragically and tediously refuses to recognize that fact. Where Mencken was a libertarian in his politics, believing, as he put it, in "free competition in all human enterprises, and to the utmost limit," Tyrrell is a garden-variety statist. "Intelligent people," he writes, in his essay in this volume on the menace of dirty books,

> can distinguish pornography from art. The rights of the pornographer can be balanced against the rights of a community that judges pornography baneful. One can make pornography less accessible without banning it totally. The claim that by regulating pornography's availability America glissades down a slippery slope toward total censorship is pristine and exquisite balderdash. If for its own survival each freedom must be given absolute license, why are our vicarious civil libertarians not exercised over income tax laws or the regulation of commerce? By limiting some income are we not on a slippery slope toward banning all income, or by limiting access to booze are we not on a slippery slope toward prohibition? No doubt speed limits put us on a slippery slope toward eliminating motion. The absurdity of the slippery slope argument stands up and roars for attention when one considers that those who use it to preserve and protect pornography are the very statists who so often demand strict regulation of commerce, affirmative action, busing, and other such tyrannies. And the nitwittery about slippery slopes aside, how much intelligence does it take to see the inevitable conflict of different freedoms, for instance, freedom of speech and freedom to privacy? Obviously in any free society judgments must be made about the boundaries of potentially conflicting freedoms.

Obviously R. Emmett Tyr-

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rell, Jr. is no libertarian.

But since Mencken was a libertarian and since Tyrrell has chosen to devote his life to imitating Mencken, he has, of course, described himself from time to time as a libertarian—most recently in the aforementioned May issue of his magazine, in which he reviewed his own book (the one under consideration here) and signed the review . . . you guessed it. H.L. Mencken. "He is dubious," Tyrrell writes of himself in the middle of this colossal piece of effrontery, "of the efficacy of all cures, in medicine, in politics, in religion, or in anything else. This is the source of his politics, which can best be described as uneasily libertarian—though he has a very strict personal moral code." But if Tyrrell were a libertarian, *he* would be using the slippery slope argument to preserve and protect pornography *and* to get rid of income taxes and regulation of commerce and affirmative action and busing and all the other statist evils he so rightly demands that "vicarious civil libertarians" be consistent and oppose.

Tyrrell is not a libertarian, however; nor is he, for that matter, a liberal or a conservative. He takes no principled political position of any kind, but merely searches for opportunities to heap Menckenesque derision. The object of the derision and what he or she really represents really doesn't matter. Tyrrell is like somebody's obnoxious country cousin from Bloomington, Indiana whom you're invited over to dinner to meet. You're told he does this absolutely fabulous W.C. Fields impression. And he does. Actually it's not absolutely fabulous, but it's not bad. It is, however, rather hollow; because all the country cousin has mastered is the externals, the surface, the mannerisms. And his impression therefore lacks content. But he performs quite willingly. In fact he goes on and on and on all evening long, doing his impression of W.C. Fields. No matter what topic you steer the conversation toward, no matter what sorts of things you get him talking about, even when you ask him if he'd like more coffee or where is the restroom, he does it all in his W.C. Fields voice, complete with all the mannerisms. It wears on you after awhile. And when the evening is over and you can go home and close the book, it's a genuine relief.

The means of egalitarianism

JOHN HOSPERS

To Build a Castle: My Life as a Dissenter, *by Vladimir Bukovsky. Viking Press, 438 pp., $17.50.*

THIS IS THE MOST REvealing volume on conditions inside the Soviet Union that has appeared since the third and last volume of Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* (reviewed by me in *LR*, September 1978). Many others have appeared, however, and the chief advantage of this one, apart from its accomplished literary style, is that it describes conditions inside the Soviet Union through December 1976, at which time Bukovsky was forcibly exiled from Russia as Solzhenitsyn had been in 1974. Bukovsky, internationally famous as a Soviet dissenter for several years before his exile, is now doing graduate work in biology at Cambridge University in England.

As the months go by, volume follows volume detailing the horrors of life in Soviet prisons and labor camps. Millions have died who could have provided a personal record, but enough have come to the West to give us a clear and detailed picture (see the reading list in my Solzhenitsyn review, *LR* Sept. 1978): when people have already achieved enough fame within the Soviet Union to have aroused world opinion, the U.S.S.R. will sometimes get them out of its hair by letting them go West—in Bukovsky's case he was exchanged for the Chilean communist leader Luis Corvalan—and books like this one, exposing the system, are the price the U.S.S.R. pays for such actions.

Most vividly detailed of all the recent volumes describing the Gulag is *Coming Out of the Ice: An Unexpected Life* (Harcourt Brace, 1979, $12.95) by Victor Herman, an American who went to the U.S.S.R. with his family in 1931 at the age of sixteen, as part of the Ford Motor Company team that built the Gorki automobile plant. The family stayed and was caught in the big purge of 1937-8. All the Americans died in the Gulag except Herman, and he was not released until 1976. He too would have died had he not been an athlete in superb condition at the time, besides having an unconquerable will to survive, and an abiding hatred for his oppressors, plus some luck. The worst nine years were spent in a Siberian hard labor camp from which no one was expected to emerge alive: those who did not die of starvation were expected to die of the cold. For months at a time he was in the isolator, a hole dug into frozen ground in which he was forced to sit while guards doused him with cold water every few hours. This plus being regularly beaten almost did him in, and he survived only by capturing and eating rats. If readers do not believe that Americans too were subjected to the horrors of the Gulag, they should remember *Alexander Dolgun's Story* of a few years back. Herman's book is even more vividly detailed than Dolgun's.

Solzhenitsyn's three volumes have little to say about the Soviet Far East, for he lacked extensive data on this area, and there were few survivors. Robert Conquest, the British author of the most thoroughly researched of all books on Soviet penal methods, *The Great Terror,* has now authored another, *Kolyma* (Viking, 1978, $10.95), concerning this most horrible of all labor camps, the coldest, most forbidding, most inaccessible. More than three million persons, Conquest concludes, have died there, either in the gold fields themselves, or in building a road to it through impassable swamps, or trying to build a harbor for the ships that would carry the gold away.

Following upon Epstein's *Operation Keelhaul,* dealing with the British-American postwar policy of forcible repatriation of nationals, during and after World War II, we now have Nikolai Tolstoy's remarkable new book *A Secret Betrayal* (Scribners, 1979, $14.95), much of it drawn from documents only recently made public. Many Russian prisoners of war, and Cossacks and others who joined Vlasov's anti-Soviet armies designed to liberate Russia from Red control, trusted in the fairness and humanity of Americans, and thus made no escape attempts until it was too late: they were not told in time that the Americans, following Eisenhower's policy, were about to betray them into Soviet hands. In some cases prisoners thought they were going to the West, but shortly after the train began moving it was surrounded by Soviet soldiers, and the prisoners were taken back to the Soviet Union and either shot or sent to slow death in

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camps. Thousands tried to kill themselves (slit their wrists, jump from the train while crossing a bridge, etc.) rather than surrender themselves to the Russians, and many American soldiers forcibly prevented them from doing this, so that they would not escape Soviet "justice." In this manner the British and Americans returned 2.2-million anti-Soviet Russians, Latvians, Lithuanians etc. to the U.S.S.R. Many of them were returned after the war was over, in 1946 and 1947, when there was not the slightest doubt what their fate would be.

The result of the publication of such books is that no reasonable person can any longer deny the evidence of Soviet oppression, which is now overwhelming. Jean-Paul Sartre's statement of some years ago that even if the allegations against Russia are true they should be suppressed in the interests of socialism seems today not only monstrously immoral (which it was and still is, like any attempt to hide the truth) but curiously out of date in a tactical sense: most of today's Marxists, rather than trying to suppress these facts as they once did, display them with a kind of proud contemptuousness. David Friedman's statement of some years back (in *The Machinery of Freedom*) that he knows of no socialist who does not shrink from the final consequences of socialism once these are brought home to him, can now be replaced by the statement that they do know and do not shrink: Nkomo, for example, does not hide the fact that if he takes over Rhodesia the result will be a one-party Marxist dictatorship, and he knows full well what is implied by this: forcible suppression, nationalization of property with resulting poverty and starvation, and the smoking out and torture or shooting of dissidents.

Bukovsky's book deals with recent Soviet conditions, since the fall of Khrushchev. Though it covers many subjects, perhaps the best thing about it is its in-depth exposé of Soviet psychiatry, particularly of the strategy of avoiding political trials by having dissidents declared insane and putting them in mental institutions, with no definite release-time. According to Bukovsky, three techniques are most frequently used in these institutions for punishing dissident opinions (p. 206): amazine "treatment," which makes the person fall into a doze or stupor, unaware of his surroundings; the use of sulfazine, which inflicts excruciating pain and induces high fever; and third, the "roll-up," wrapping the patient tightly in wet strips of canvas: as material dries out it shrinks, inflicting terrible pain and scorching the patient's body, causing him to lose consciousness. (All this is for non-violent patients; violent ones are kept in solitary confinement and beaten mercilessly, sometimes to death.) No dissident leaves such an institution unless he first recants his heresies and promises not to deviate from received truth again, placing it on record that he was mentally ill until the physicians helped to make him well, and that he is now recovered owing to Soviet psychiatry. Even so, the sincerity of many who perform this recantation is doubted, and they are still kept in year after year, or until the methods kill them.

The author describes the "psychiatric therapy" to which he himself was subjected, but even more emotionally involving than this description is that of many other patients who are entirely sane but will never be released from this regimen of pain. And the story of how the conditions in Soviet psychiatric hospitals came to be known to the outside world, partly through Bukovsky's own efforts, is fascinating: starting with a television interview that he illegally granted foreign reporters, which was smuggled out of Russia and broadcast in other nations, he was tireless in his efforts, between stretches in prison and mental hospitals, to get the truth known in the outside world. His attempt to find even one psychiatrist who would stand up to the Soviet regime and expose the "therapy" as fraudulent is a minor thriller in itself. One wonders, however, whether Western psychiatrists turned out to be much better: they had no fear of punishment hanging over them for being truthful, yet when mountains of data concerning Soviet psychiatry were placed before them (compiled at incalculable human cost), the International Congress of Psychiatrists meeting in Mexico City in 1974 declined to take any action, probably for fear of upsetting relations between the Soviet Union and the West (p. 420).

Bukovsky was in and out of prisons, camps, and mental hospitals in the Soviet Union all his adult life prior to his exile to the West. After his release from the asylum in Leningrad—itself a major accomplishment, fascinatingly described—he was soon picked up again for having interviews with "enemies of the State," especially foreign newspaper reporters; and in spite of taking advantage of every legal loophole in Soviet law he was sentenced to twelve years in prison and labor camps, beginning with a camp for political prisoners in Perm, in the Ural Mountains.

His description of Lithuanians and other nationals who had participated in the struggle to keep their nation from being taken over by the USSR in the 1940s is particularly moving (pp. 407 ff.); those who survived through all those years, a small percentage of the total, have never been released, and they still languish in labor camps. "Their lives had come to a halt when they were about twenty. Simple peasant lads who had never been able to become the fathers of families." One, a cell-mate, had been captured by Soviet soldiers: "they had dragged his bullet-sliced body away and literally pieced him together again; they needed him alive in order to torture him. I was amazed at how, after all this, plus 25 years in the camps, he had retained an astonishing *joi de vivre*, with a sense of humor and a sort of inner purity . . ." (p. 409)

Most memorable of all, perhaps, is the man Ma Hun who fled across the Chinese border to Siberia, then got caught in the toils of Soviet "justice" when he inquired about how to locate his father on Taiwan. Compared with China, the U.S.S.R. was a paradise. All Chinese soldiers who had been captured in Korea and returned by Americans had been wiped out, to the last man (p. 415), as well as "class aliens," "opportunists," and the intelligentsia. Ma Hun thought the labor camp at Perm was very good. "But it's starvation rations." "What starvation?" he asked. He "pointed at the flies flying about the cell. As if to say, if there had been real starvation, this wildlife would long since have disappeared . . . In time Ma Hun was able to tell us about the starvation in China, when they ate all the leaves off the trees and all the grass. For fifty miles around you couldn't even find a dung-beetle." (p. 414) "As an individual without citizenship, he was not allowed to move about the country, but Soviet life still seemed like paradise to him: you were paid money for your work, which you could use to buy food and clothing without

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restriction. Not like in China, where you got nine yards of cloth per person for a year. As for the hypocrisy, he was used to it. Soviet hypocrisy struck him as child's play compared with the Chinese variety" (p. 416). Shirley MacLaine, please note.

Though the most detailed account (in a popular book) of today's Soviet economy occurs in Hedrick Smith's *The Russians*, this book contains some fascinating insights into the bureaucracy that rules the Soviet

Some Soviet defectors, like Valentin Agapov, spend years trying to arrange for their families to join them in the West.

economy. Nobody in a factory is in a hurry to work, and most workers are drunk or hung over in the morning (p. 123). Occasionally one man puts in a full day's work; the other workers then hate him, and try to damage his machine or steal his tools, to cut down his production. On a state farm, workers had to plant potatoes that were rotten:

How on earth did anyone expect them to grow? But nobody cared about that. The peasants explained to us that they were paid for every ton of potatoes planted, so what was harvested didn't interest them. Soon it turned cold, the rain set in, and we were sent out to weed beets by hand. . . . [Meanwhile] the whole of this state farm was also hung about with posters, banners, production graphs, and pictures of plump cows and buxom milkmaids. . . . (p. 125)

The description of the poverty of farm life in Russia, the desolation, the hopelessness and bitterness, is a telling one:

State farm workers were unable to resign or leave the farm, since they weren't allowed to hold their own internal passports; and without a passport you were outside the law and could be arrested by the first town policeman to come across you. Nor could you get another job without a passport. Boys of our age were waiting for their call-up into the army as a salvation: when they finished their military service there was a chance they might find a city job instead of having to go home. The young girls thought of nothing but how to marry a towny and get away. Drunkenness, brawls, and knife fights were daily occurrences. (p. 125)

Such descriptions of Soviet farm life are matched but not excelled by those of John Barron (*KGB*, pp. 55-8).

Apparently the following joke has done the rounds in the Soviet Union:

The teacher at nursery school is giving the children a little talk. She hangs a map of the world on the wall and explains: "Look, children, here is America. The people there are very badly off. They have no money, therefore they never buy their children any candy or ice cream and never take them to the movies. And here, children, is the Soviet Union. Everybody here is happy and well off, and they buy their children candy and ice cream every day and take them to the movies." Suddenly one of the little girls bursts into tears. "What's the matter, Tania, why are you crying?" "I want to go to the Soviet Union," sobs the little girl. (p. 62)

All through the nineteenth century and even during the reign of Lenin, Bukofsky remarks, Russian thinkers, "all of them, sitting on their estates or in their city apartments, loved to hold forth about 'the people,' about the latent unplumbed forces of the people, and about how the people would one day awaken from their slumbers and resolve everything, pronounce the ultimate truth, and create a genuine culture." (p. 105) But a century ago John Stuart Mill pointed out in Chapter 3 of *On Liberty* why this would never happen: the majority are suspicious of creativity, innovation, unusual intelligence of any kind; lacking it themselves, they do not understand it and do not trust its presence in others. And the Russian people today, Bukovsky reminds us, having experienced poverty and the Gulag for 60 years, are less reverential about the idea than the leaders of the Revolution were (the present Soviet leadership is not very reverential about it either).

To us who had grown up in the communal apartments of this self-same proletariat, living among them as equals, not masters, the term "proletarian culture" sounded grotesque. For us, it meant no mystical secret, but drunkenness, brawling, knife fights, obscenity, and chewing sunflower seeds. . . . The distinguishing feature of the proletariat was a hatred of all culture, combined with a sort of inexplicable envy. Culture was a witch they stoned. "Intellectual" was an insult hissed venomously by your neighbors.

Yet the basic idea underlying socialism in all its forms is *egalitarianism*, the belief in universal equality: that everyone should be equal, not only before the law, but in income, living conditions, and every aspect of life in which inequality is not rendered unavoidable by nature (as it is in looks, for example). "This dream of absolute, universal equality is amazing, terrifying, and inhuman. And the moment it captures people's minds, the result is mountains of corpses and rivers of blood, accompanied by attempts to straighten the stooped and shorten the tall." (p. 106)

What is the connection, one may ask, between the ideal of equality, and these corpses and blood? Well, if those in power are possessed of this ideal, it will have to be *imposed* by force on everyone else, including those who don't want it. If the person who works hard won't give up what he's earned to the loafer, he must be made to do so. That's a part of the ideal: if others don't see the nobility of this ideal with the same flashing blue lights that you do, they will have to be made to conform, or in Rousseau's words, "forced to be free."

But what if some of them are incapable of it? That can't be, comes the reply, because all human defects are the result of environment and can be changed through re-conditioning and re-education. Man is born a *tabula rasa*, an empty vessel, completely malleable; so if he is re-conditioned in the right ways, there will be no more dissatisfaction or envy or hatred or crime—and in fact no more opponents of socialism. But that's the long run; in the short run re-education in "corrective labor camps" and mental institutions and the like will be required; and the few holdouts whom it would take too long to change will have to be got rid of by means of the firing squad: the rotten apples can't be allowed to infect the whole basket. "You must think of

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humanity—past, present, and future—as one great body that requires surgery. You cannot perform surgery without severing membranes, destroying tissue, spilling blood . . . But none of this is immoral. All acts that further history and socialism are moral acts." (John Barron, *KGB*, p. 366.)

In a popular Soviet psychiatric examination, one test for idiocy involves one's ability to solve this problem:

"Imagine a train crash. It is well known that the part of the train that suffers the most damage in such crashes is the carriage at the rear. How can you prevent that damage from taking place?" Answer: Uncouple the last carriage. The richer are getting richer and the poor poorer under free enterprise: what is to be done? Uncouple the last carriage —liquidate the rich, take away their wealth, distribute it to the poor. But after this has been done and the money spent, the next to the last carriage is now the last, and it is now uncoupled. Soon these spoils are spent, again there are rich and poor, so the next carriage is uncoupled, and then the next, and so on, because complete equality has not yet been achieved.

Finally, "the peasant with two cows and a horse turns out to be the last carriage and is pronounced a kulak and deported. Is it really surprising that whenever you get striving for equality and fraternity, the guillotine appears on the scene?" (p. 107)

There lies the jugular of the enemy we have to fight: coercive egalitarianism. Once it is put into practice, the labor camps and torture chambers are a natural and inevitable consequence. But when the impulse toward coercive egalitarianism is restrained, the individuality and creativity of human beings know no limits, and in the end the lowest of the unequals, benefiting from the intelligence of his betters, stands higher in the scale of life than any of the equals in an egalitarian society. That is the major lesson of this book—and of the history of the twentieth century.

Yet this lesson is but ill understood, for the pressure toward egalitarianism is greater today than at any previous time in our history. For libertarians, this is the major challenge—not to fight political or economic "isms," but to strike at the root of them all, the egalitarianism that leads so many people to accept them.

John Hospers teaches philosophy at the University of Southern California. He was the 1972 presidential candidate of the Libertarian Party.

Orwell plus one

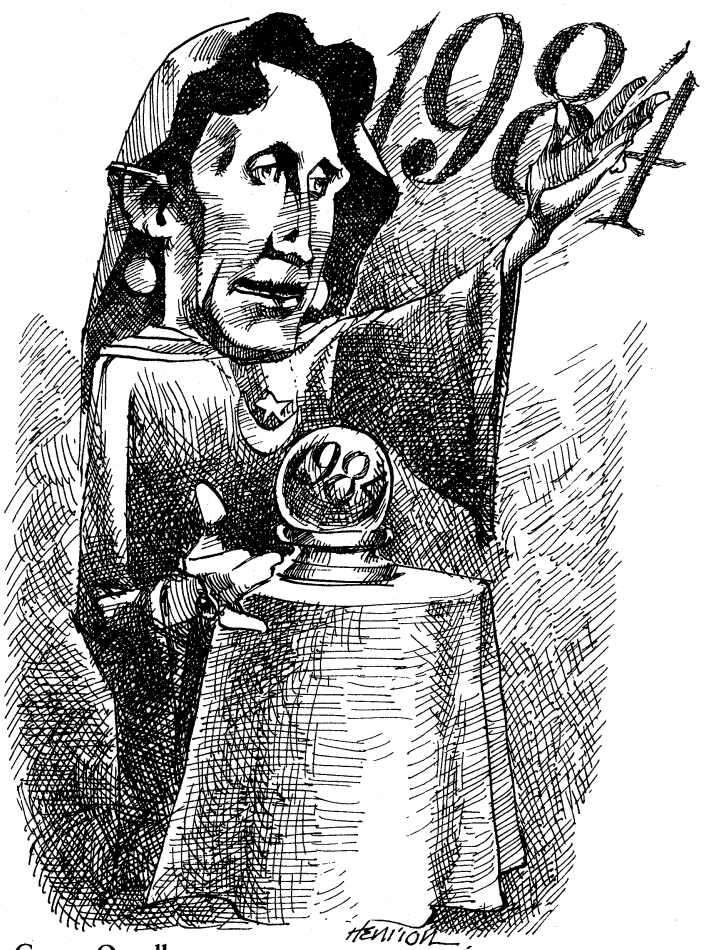
JACK SHAFER

1985, by Anthony Burgess. Little, Brown and Company, 272 pp., $8.95.

IN 1948 GEORGE ORwell dreamt his bad dream, *Nineteen Eighty-four*. His novel of the "future imperfect" has the circular logic of a nightmare. Every person trusted, every act of rebellion returns the dreamer to his origin where trust is betrayed and rebellion snuffed. In the terror of the nightmare there is no escape, only the respite of cowering in sweat and fear out of the sight of evil.

In 1978 Anthony Burgess dreamt his bad dream, a novella of the "future imperfect," and returned to Orwell's modern classic to plumb its meaning with his skills as literary critic. This book of bad dream and bad dream examined is *1985*.

Burgess's novella is no sequel to Orwell's novel, but *Nineteen Eighty-four* and *1985* share a common *mise-en-scene*; both futures are gray, squalid, decayed, and British. Both stories pitch an everyman against the State (Orwell's protagonist is named Smith, Burgess's is named Jones) in doomed battle. But, importantly, *Nineteen Eighty-four* is the last work of a dying man who bitterly dissected his own orthodoxy with one eye on the gray, squalid, and decayed Britain of 1948 and the other on the future he feared might arrive. Orwell's novel was not an act of prophecy as many of his enthusiasts believe. It was a warning, a buoy for the democratic socialism he hoped would triumph. *1985* is not the surreal, satiric nightmare as dreamt by Orwell. *1985* is a waking nightmare with fewer seeds of the fantastic and a plausible enough piece of prophecy to give us another date in the upcoming eighties to anticipate with itchy dread.



George Orwell

1985's hero, Bev Jones, lives in a Britain in which radical syndicalism prevails. Britain bears the new designation of TUK, or Tucland, short for the United Kingdom or Trade Union Congress, instead of Orwell's Airstrip One. The petro-Arabs are everywhere, buying up hotels (the Al-Dorchester), building mosques, foreclosing on the North Sea oil deposits pledged as collateral for loans to Her Majesty's Government in the early eighties. Workers' English, the argot of the proles, is now the compulsory language. Bill the Symbolic Worker looks down on the masses from a million posters. And damn near every day another union strikes.

When London's firemen strike, Bev's wife fries to death. Her dying words burn in his ears, "Don't let them get away with it." Bev rages against the compulsory unionism he holds re-

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sponsible for her death. Once a history teacher, Bev has been barred from that profession because the State, the sole employer of educators, has strict ideas of what should and should not be taught. Now an assembly line worker in a candy factory, Bev decides being told how, where, and when he can sell his labor is as intolerable as being told to teach official history. Bev tears up his union card, the societal passport of Tucland, and throws it in the faces of the union leaders. They are

Anthony Burgess

hardly nonplussed. They intone,

> The tearing of the card is nothing. It's like in the old Christian days when people got baptized. Tear up your baptismal certificate and it doesn't make you unbaptized. You're a union member, and that's it . . . The records say so and the records are like the tablets of the Mosaic law.

Bev argues, "The individual worker has the right to decide whether or not to withhold his labour. My curse on syndicalism." In a society as rigid as this his heresy casts him outside the social order. Without a proper dismissal from his job he has no right to unemployment benefits or a shot at another job. Pure and simple, Bev becomes a nonperson.

But he becomes a nonperson by choice. Questions of choice and free will dominate Burgess's writing. In a previous stab at future fiction, *A Clockwork Orange*, Burgess turned a plot on the value that free will, even if the will is to sin, is the very thing that makes a man a man. Alex, the brain-stomping, drug-eating, Beethoven-loving, libidinoid protagonist of that novel, is shorn of his free will by the psycho-medical arm of the State. Alex's crimes are foul and legion—theft, assault, murder—and deserve punishment or retribution, but Burgess convinces the reader that the crime the State commits by disconnecting Alex from his will is more foul. Burgess states it plainly in his critical essay on *Nineteen Eighty-four*: freedom means the right of moral choice for the individual. When Alex regains the right of moral choice at the end of *A Clockwork Orange* he is once again free, free to do good or evil. For Burgess, to opt for moral choice makes a man free. As long as Winston Smith and Bev Jones rebel they are free.

So Bev exercises the choice he has left—he drops out—and drops straight into the underground of antistate professors, musicians, derelicts, and Greek and Latin speaking gang toughs who celebrate learning because the State does not. In 1985, learning has become the supreme antisocial act.

The underground survives by its wits and thievery so it's no real surprise when Bev is caught and jailed. In fact, sometimes it seems as if half of Anthony Burgess's characters have pulled time in prison. Burgess finds prisons as settings endearing because their order and limitations make clearer the true nature of the society outside their walls as well as the nature of the men incarcerated inside.

In *1985* there is no Room 101 to psycho-torture the will out of men. Instead, a carrot and stick approach of sex and beatings is designed to make men surrender. Bev survives this "rehabilitation" and lands back on the streets of London as a reporter for the Free Briton Army, a neo-fascist organization financed by Islamic paymasters. The Free Briton Army intends to preserve general services (and protect petro-Arab investments) when the inevitable General Strike comes. Bev writes editorials and stories to order for the Free Britons' newspaper, a press which is as biased as the trade union controlled press. Still, he writes as best as he can, congizant of A.J. Liebling's sentiment that the only man with freedom of the press is the man who owns one.

Bev is too much the recidivist to remain a Free Briton or a Tuclander much longer and his penchant for free-thought lands him, guess where? The asylum. Here Burgess is doing little more than plucking from headlines. In the Soviet Union (as well as the United States; see the jailing of tax resistors on mental health raps for further reference) failure to accept the ontology of the State oftens defines insanity. The soul doctors lecture him, "Insanity is defined as a rejection of the majority ethos. You proclaim insanity in words and actions." Bev languishes in the asylum, thinking and teaching, until he exercises the painful remainder of choice he has left by choosing his own end.

As with all Burgess fiction, *1985* is strong on wordplay, dark humor, and characterization. Burgess is unafraid to invent educated characters. Bev Jones entertains us with the logic of his rebellion; unlike Winston Smith, he still has the gift of language and access to the humanist tradition. He can do more than just intuit the reason for his struggle. Where the novella disappoints is on the level of plot. Burgess is an impatient and prolific writer turning out books at a fast clip. As he writes in *The Novel Now*, his survey of contemporary fiction, "Only the amateur—carpenter or novelist—has all the time in the world; the professional sometimes has to hurry." Sometimes a storyteller discovers the plot only after he begins the tale. In his hurry to tell the tale Burgess has neglected the suspenseful and climatic plotting which makes his *A Clockwork Orange, The Wanting Seed,* and *Tremor of Intent* so

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arresting.

Ah, but the novella is just half the book. Burgess, who has published book length studies on Joyce, Hemingway, and Shakespeare, turns next to *Nineteen Eighty-four*. Consider: both Orwell and Burgess were schooled in British universities, did time in the military, worked in the Southeast Asian colonies for the Royal Government, and established careers as novelists and journalists. And for what it is worth, both adopted pen names. Burgess's affinity makes him the ideal critic for Orwell.

Why did Orwell write *Nineteen Eighty-four*? Burgess tell us there was more English than Socialism in Orwell's English Socialism. He was bound to tradition, literature that didn't help the "cause," and bourgeois tastes, and he saw himself writing in the spirit of Defoe and Swift. Orwell fought with the Marxists in Spain only to run for his life when the Russian Communists turned on the Catalonian Anarchists. After he dramatized the Russian Revolution as a barnyard fable in *Animal Farm*, his desire to right the spoiled dream, "the revolution betrayed," led him to conjure an anti-utopia to dispel the false utopian image Uncle Joe Stalin was projecting of the Soviet Union.

Burgess also informs us that Orwell worked for the BBC during the war at Broadcast House, an analogue of the Ministry of Truth. In *Ninteen Eighty-four* the room in which each person's personal horror is exposed is Room 101. At Broadcast House Orwell worked in Room 101 broadcasting propaganda to India. Propaganda is not too far removed from doublethink, nor is it that distant from the polemic of *Nineteen Eighty-four*. Winston Smith erases history for the State. Bev Jones refuses to teach the State's version of history. Orwell shaped the news to help the State shape history. *Nineteen Eighty-four*, an entry in what Burgess calls the Worst of All Imaginary Worlds stakes, was designed to shape the future.

Burgess mixes straight-ahead essay and self-interview to critique *Nineteen Eighty-four*. The self-interview is a handy didactic device enabling Burgess to play his own devil's advocate. Burgess has written that when a novelist turns critic often he is too soft a critic because he sympathizes with the author. Burgess is a gentle critic. He refuses to come between the reader and the novel, preferring the role of intelligent companion. His tour of *Nineteen Eighty-four* is not an easy one to summarize. Bakunin's legacy, Charles Manson as a bloody Jesus, a comparison of the Pelagian and Augustinian theologies, a linguistic appraisal of Newspeak, and a short history of the cacotopia (a word of Burgess's invention meaning an anti-utopia—the invention of new words is a Burgessian cottage industry) are held up against Orwell's novel to illuminate better its meaning. Good stuff.

Like his hero, Bev Jones, Anthony Burgess despises authoritarianism whether its source is clan, church, union, or state. Whether he is a libertarian is of little concern to me. Like Orwell, he is a free-thinker uncomfortable with dogma and ideology. Tax-exile Burgess, like his heroes, would rather ignore the State and get on with the personal and spiritual concerns of life. But to do that he tells us we must heed Milton's warning to Cromwell's England—we must hang on to our liberties.

Jack Shafer writes frequently for LR.

On View

Woody Allen's Manhattan

DAVID BRUDNOY

"I THINK PEOPLE should mate for life, like pigeons and Catholics." Isaac Davis (Woody Allen) has lovely dreams like that, even after two marriages, the last of which went kerplop when his wife, Jill (Meryl Streep), left him—for another woman. She's also writing a book about their life together (and apart) called *Marriage, Divorce and Selfhood*. Isaac frets that all his friends will read about his quirks and his crotchets—like how he does in bed and *what* he does in bed—and that his ex-wife will distort and exaggerate things, as when she insists that he tried to run over her lover. "Can I help it if the car accelerated?" he asks. "Just as I was walking in front of it?" the lady lover shoots back. And why did Isaac marry her in the first place? "You knew my history when you married me," she says. "My analyst warned me," he allows, "but you were so beautiful that I got another analyst."

This is *Manhattan*, the latest and most fully realized and wonderful of Woody Allen's screen ventures, a wedding of the comedic brilliance, sophistication and neurotic wit of *Annie Hall* to the "seriousness" of *Interiors*, a film, incidentally, that demonstrated to close observers a deep although dark humor beneath the grimness. *Manhattan* is almost unbearably deadly in hitting its targets; it'll make chic upper-East-side New Yorkers squirm as they make their Saturday hegira to Bloomingdale's, and their next Sunday devoted entirely to the *Times* might suddenly seem rather like a cultural cliché. Of that book she's writing, Isaac's ex-wife observes that "nothing I wrote was untrue." Besides, "I think I'd better warn you that I've had interest in a movie sale." Just what Isaac needs.

What Isaac does seem to need is the love of a good woman, or at least a good child. As the movie opens he has the latter. Seventeen-year-old Tracy (Mariel Hemingway, Ernest's granddaughter) might be Isaac's avenue of escape from relationships with mature women; she is, in any case, wholly unconcerned that Isaac is 42, and, as she slightly incorrectly computes it when he projects her into the future, when she's 37 he'll be 63. Even that doesn't dissuade Tracy, no more than Isaac's suggestion that she have affairs with her school chums, the Billys and Biffs and Scooters and other ridiculously named kids of her class and age. *Manhattan*, which begins with the New York skyline and shifting vignettes of the city, and the sounds of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" played by Paul Jacobs and the New York Philharmonic, soon introduces us to Isaac's tortured attempts to compose an opening sentence for his latest book, a sentence that tries to combine a sensitive soul's love-loathing relationship to Gotham; soon thereafter, we meet Isaac, his friends, his current girl, his anguish and his Age's self-indulgent concerns. In time he will reject Tracy and take up with yet another mature woman. It might have been his undoing.

Mary Wilke (Diane Keaton) is the current extracurricular interest of Isaac's closest friend, Yale (Michael Murphy), a man who loves his wife, Emily (Anne Byrne), but needs that bit of half-involvement that only a nice guilt-inducing affair on the side can provide. But Yale decides to make do with a wife alone, parts with Mary in a splen-

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did short scene at a sidewalk cafe, leaving to Isaac whatever consolation can be gained from Mary, who is "into" everything—reviewing obscure books for more obscure journals, going to all the right gatherings (including one featuring Bella Abzug, to push for the E.R.A.), knowing how to disparage Mahler and Bergman and anybody else who might be fashionable with people a year or so out of date—and whose level of self-awareness is expressed with merry good cheer: "I'm beautiful, I'm young, I'm highly intelligent, I've got everything going for me except I'm all fucked up. . . . I could go to bed with the entire M.I.T. faculty. Shit! Now I lost my contact lens." Mary *is* beautiful and intelligent and she is a bitch. Just made for Isaac.

Except that Mary decides at last that she still loves Yale, which eases Isaac out of the picture, or rather it propels him to a surprising, gratifying, improbable but nonetheless beautiful ending scene that the viewer will want to discover for himself. With which we return again to the New York skyline, and to Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," framing a picture scored entirely with Gershwin's lovely tunes. Love *is* sweeping the country, we might actually believe at *Manhattan*'s close, and I've got a crush on you, and on you and on you, too, and strike up the band because there's someone to watch over me. Truly, s'wonderful.

Manhattan is Woody Allen's magnum opus, at least to date. Gone, probably forever, is the character Woody played and replayed: the shnook, the incompetent with women, the hopeless nice guy who always loses. Gone, too, is Woody Allen's need to get the biggest laugh out of every situation. He has said in an interview that he left some of *Manhattan*'s funniest scenes on the cutting room floor, because they intruded, they added nothing necessary. And gone, maybe, is his insistence in *Interiors* that we be spared even one joke, lest we misunderstand his meaning and think we were in for yet another stock Woody Allen comedy. This is the flowering of one of our greatest contemporary cultural treasures, Allen Stewart Konigsberg, reborn as Woody Allen, now so confident of his powers that he has learned to combine a sly and barbed humor with a knowing awareness of the more sober traps that modern man sets for modern man. It has a "classic" look, contributed by Gordon Willis's velvety black & white photography, and the lush and light and evocative sound of George Gershwin, and it emerges as a morality tale for our times, as unpreachy a morality tale as anyone could imagine. Just the same, though, it is a short lesson, one not altogether pretty, but altogether engaging.

Three years in a row Allen has given moviegoers a film to be remembered, *Annie Hall* in 1977, *Interiors* last year, now this. They might well be seen as stages in an evolution, and we might consider them as Allen's working out of some likely, if not inevitable, progression in his thought. *Annie Hall, Interiors,* and *Manhattan* all star Diane Keaton, as have other, earlier Woody

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Allen movies; each carries Allen a giant step beyond his screwball comedies, even beyond his amusing and sometimes outrageously funny but still awkward satire, *Love and Death* (1975); only *Interiors* lacked Allen in a screen role, but in that film his absence was essential, since we were being instructed not to laugh, and to see Woody is to laugh. In the last three movies Allen broke with the easier patterns of his early films, culminating now in this mature, measured dissection of hollow people making their own miserable lives more miserable by refusing to take anything as a given, by resolutely willing themselves into complications. If *Manhattan* is not as obviously funny as, say, *Bananas,* it is because Woody has now become confident enough of his vast talent to eschew the easy guffaw in order to construct the more complex situations that are themselves so risible, as well as so pathetic. *Manhattan* is a hard and cold movie, with touches of warmth that are the more precious because they arise from such an arid landscape. *Annie Hall* was the quintessential New Yorker's revenge on California, *Interiors* his gesture to the gods of respectability (so Bergmanesque, as everyone duly noted, that Bergman's *Autumn Sonata,* which appeared shortly after *Interiors,* could with a straight face be described by some critics as Woodyesque), *Manhattan* his own rhapsody in blue, his masterpiece.

I wrote earlier that *Manhattan* is a morality tale. By which I don't mean to imply that it is censorious, or that it pits good guys against bad guys, or computes the sins and ladles out the punishments. It does not leave anyone particularly devastated or, except for Yale's wife, abandoned—and Emily takes Yale's decision to leave her and move in with Mary quite philosophically, casually remarking to Isaac that she *almost* blames him for the final turn of events, because if Isaac had not introduced Mary to Yale, none of this would have happened. Emily doesn't know that Isaac was the meatloaf in a sandwich date, the bread of which was Yale first and Yale at last. Only Isaac's lesbian ex-wife is drawn sketchily, and she, we are fully confident, will do quite nicely with her lover, and will with her lover provide two fine mothers for Willie (Damion Sheller), her and Isaac's son. Streep, by the way, who came within a

Scenes from Woody Allen's *Interiors* (top) and *Manhattan*: last stages in the evolution of a masterpiece.

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hair of winning a best supporting actress Oscar for her stunning work in *The Deer Hunter,* gives such fullness to her small part as Isaac's former wife that she fills in with a few gestures what the screenplay omits. Allen's and Marshall Brickman's screenplay is so expressive, so tight, so restrained, and so wickedly funny while also being so poignant that I am going to predict, not yet half way through the year, that it will pick up one of those gold statuettes at next April's Oscarfest. How much *really* wound up on the floor of director Allen's cutting room, I don't know; what is on the screen is flawless.

Woody here says more about love, about the impediments to love, about loneliness and desperation, about making do and refusing to make do, than almost any other movie of the last several years. *Manhattan* swims in the concept of love, virtually drowns us in its variations, never once denigrates the centrality of love in man's life, but never romanticizes or trivializes love. The lovers in this film are often ridiculous, as people in love, or people who think they're in love and don't quite know what to make of it, usually are. But Love itself is not ridiculous and Allen is calm enough this time to accept that unblushingly—to submerge it, granted, in the film's almost sensual love of a city, THE city—but never to ridicule it. *Annie Hall* was a lovable film, *too* lovable, in many long desperate stretches too cute, and awfully self-pitying. I rejected it on first viewing, seeing it as shamelessly autobiographical but still coyly distancing: Woody's love-hate relationship with the gentile world, the in humor of a certain literary-cultural set, the outlandish situations designed to hammer home some fairly obvious points. *Annie Hall* struck me two years ago as an uncomfortable transition piece. A second viewing opened me to a different interpretation, which I now realize was an initial grasping of something that *Interiors* and *Manhattan* have made very clear. And *Interiors,* for all that it, like *Annie Hall,* is a brilliant exercise in intellectualizing, is the missing piece in the puzzle, or, rather, now seems so obviously the link: a hauntingly beautiful, deeply moving screen triumph, branching off from the zany Woody's awkward contact with the concepts Family and Love, providing the crossing-over place from comedy for comedy's sake to the comedy within sobriety of *Manhattan*. I would not reduce these three pictures to units in a triptych, or suggest that they have meaning only, or even primarily, in conjunction with each other; I would only urge the viewer to keep *Annie Hall* and *Interiors* in mind when experiencing *Manhattan,* and to see if the reading I've given the three movies isn't, at least, plausible.

Woody's lesson in *Manhattan* is quite simple. It is a gentle warning against emotional suicide as practiced among the tribe of the urban trendies. It is an even gentler urging that people enjoy what they have while they have it, and not pine for some brighter green pasture around the bend. And it holds up human affection as the strongest weapon we have against the long dark night, as the most powerful charm to ward off the evil spirit Loneliness, and as the most precious thing we have as we race from fresh-scrubbed youth to decrepit old age.

The writing is so modulated that none of this is vulgarly presented; reducing *Manhattan* to analysis, or even, as here, deliberately, only to brief description and the most cursory of interpretation, strips this remarkable movie of its fullness. "He was too romantic about New York," Woody-Isaac narrates over the New York scenes with which the film begins, which quickly shifts to a bitter (or bittersweet) depiction of Manhattan, the place, as "a metaphor for the decay of our culture." Only in the opening few minutes, and this as a parody of Woody's own earlier parodic and satiric films, is anything made quite so explicit. Elsewhere, while the tongue meanders about in the farthest crevices of the cheek, the put-ons and the send-ups are purposeful: they don't pummel us, they cozy us into awareness. In one scene, at a party, a pretentious fellow is talking about his brilliant idea for a novel—or is it a movie?—about a person who delivers such fabulous orgasms that his partners die when they come. A woman remarks that she finally had an orgasm and her doctor told her that it was the wrong *kind* of orgasm.To which Isaac responds, bemusedly: Wrong *kind* of orgasm? All *my* orgasms are the right kind, he boasts. "The *least* of my orgasms—right on the button." In many of Allen's early movies a scene like that would be played out at length, would rise to a crescendo; in *Manhattan* it is a quick bite and over and out. (It is, precisely, 54 seconds; I know, because our perverse genius, Mr. Woody Allen, provided a clip of just this scene, and only this scene, to us television reviewers, knowing full well that we wouldn't be able to use it on TV. Woody not only forbids critics' advance screenings, he also arranges things so that those of us who review films on TV are reduced to illustrating our two-minute gems of cinema wisdom with static glossies. The man not only controls almost every facet of the making of his films, he also reaches out and controls what happens to them after they are released. If his recent films weren't so brilliant, I suppose we TV critics would bellow. As it is, most of us are resigned to the fate he prepares for us.)

The movie presents not only a scrupulously apt screenplay to tell a serious and majestically funny story, it is a showcase for a half dozen outstanding performances. Woody *becomes* a lover a gorgeous teenie child could adore. Michael Murphy, Woody's close friend and a key figure in several of his films, is perfect as the weak, indecisive, cuddly and pleasant Yale. (And isn't that name wonderfully suggestive?) Streep, as noted above, makes every one of her few minutes on screen memorable: her Jill is no bull dyke caricature, but a wholly believable homosexual woman rather single-mindedly pursuing her own ends. Mariel Hemingway, first seen, I believe, in *Lipstick,* which starred her impossibly tall, impossibly gorgeous, impossibly talentless model sister, Margaux, is at a tender age not only outstandingly beautiful but also bursting with talent. A little more fullness to her voice, and a starring role of her own, and she'll be dynamite. Anne Byrne, Dustin Hoffman's wife, has the tiniest of roles here, as Yale's wife, but she fills it fully. And Keaton—Keaton has taken an unappealing role, given it the full measure of her talent, put aside those almost trademark gestures that have been distracting in so many of her screen parts, and, as is now becoming her pattern, walks away with the film. Diane Keaton joins Meryl Streep and Jane Fonda and perhaps a handful of other actresses as the best we have on screen today. Watch Keaton move from the brash know-it-all to the cock-tease to the vulnerable lady unsure of just *whose* cock to tease to the woman methodically concluding that Yale is the man for her: watch that trans-

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LIBERTARIAN BUTTONS AND STICKERS, poster, bumperstickers, fliers and booklets. TAXATION IS THEFT, TANSTAAFL, FUCK THE STATE, SOCIETY BY CONTRACT, SOCIALISM SUCKS, DOWN WITH ARCHY and 50 more. Free catalog. Society for Libertarian Life, Box 4, Fullerton, CA 92632.

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formation in 93 minutes and see a fantastic actress strut her stuff.

Manhattan joins *Hair* and *The Deer Hunter* in the Olympian reaches of true cinema brilliance confronting us within the last half year. At one point Isaac remarks that "the brain is the most overrated organ." Maybe so. But only a fully charged brain, encompassing a mature sensitivity and tenderness, can conceive something as memorable as a philosophically consistent, faultlessly intelligent work of movie art. Of Mary, Isaac says: she is "the winner of the Zelda Fitzgerald Emotional Maturity Award." Of himself Isaac says: "In my relationships with women, I win the August Strindberg Award." Well, they are neat little throw-away lines, speaking volumes of truth in the kernel of a quip. Try this one, and test it with an hour and a half in the theater: *Manhattan* wins the best motion picture of 1979 award. I don't think I'll have to retract that one. ❑

LR's film critic reviews films and plays for WNAC-TV (CBS), where he also hosts a weekly talk and entertainment program, "Nightscene." He is host, as well, of "The David Brudnoy Show" on WHDH-AM, also in Boston. ©Copyright David Brudnoy 1979

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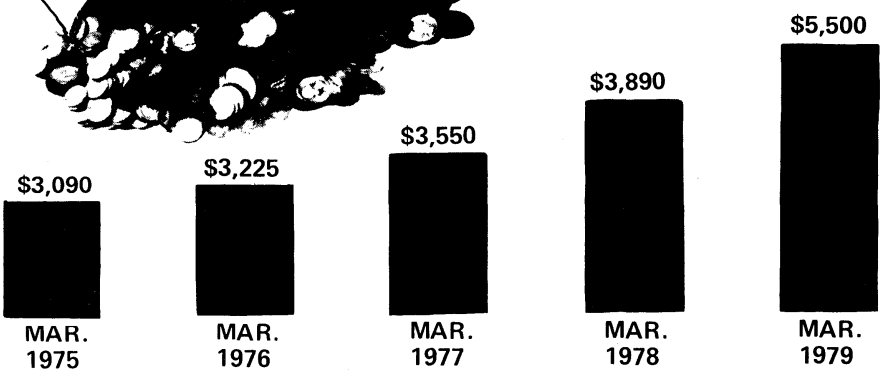

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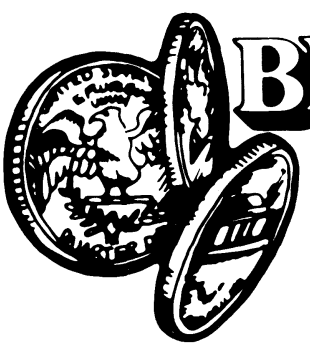

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